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## NOTES.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has instructed Mr. Rawlinson, a barrister, to proceed to South Africa to collect evidence relating to the Jameson raid. We are obliged to confess that we do not know Mr. Rawlinson by repute, and we should have thought that the case was of sufficient gravity to call for the despatch of a lawyer of eminence, accompanied by an officer from the Detective department, to summon witnesses and sift the evidence. It is now, we believe, settled that there are to be two inquiries. The Attorney-General will file a criminal information in the Court of Queen's Bench, where Dr. Jameson will be charged with an offence under Section 11 of the Foreign Enlistment Act. A Commission will also be appointed, composed in somewhat the same way as the Commission on the Featherstone riots, to inquire into the circumstances attending the invasion of the Transvaal. This body will examine Mr. Rhodes and the other Directors of the Chartered Company.

The interesting question now is, Will Mr. Rhodes disavow Dr. Jameson, or will he "own up"? If Mr. Rhodes persists in protesting his ignorance of the whole affair, he is ruined; but he is far too clever for that. His line of defence is already oozing out through the Chartered ring. He will admit his responsibility; but he will endeavour to turn the tables on President Kruger by producing evidence of a plot at Berlin to establish a German Protectorate over the Transvaal. This might prove a taking cry with the multitude; but the obvious question arises, If Mr. Rhodes knew of a German intrigue to annex the Transvaal, why did he not communicate with Sir Hercules Robinson?

What is the real truth about these "rogues in buckram" at Krugersdorp? On 3 January the "Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News" stated that Dr. Jameson was surprised by a troop of 4,000 Boers. On 4 January Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal, telegraphed to the Colonial Office that Dr. Jameson's force was opposed by 1,500 men. On 18 January the Boer Secretary of State at Pretoria informed the Boer Consul-General in London that about 400 Boers forced Jameson to surrender. Now we have the evidence of an eye-witness in Captain Thatcher, who declares that the Boers were between 3,000 and 4,000. "*Fal*. These four came all a-front and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus. *P. Hen*. Seven? why there were but four even now! *Fal*. In buckram? *Poins*. Ay, four, in buckram suits. *Fal*. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. *P. Hen*. Prythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon."

Is Captain Thatcher a witness to the truth? His account is that, having escaped by the friendly offices

of a supposed "brother pen," he "tumbled in upon one of the leaders in Johannesburg," and naturally asked him why the people who had sent for Jameson hadn't come out to meet him. The answer was threefold and remarkable: (1) They didn't know Jameson was so near; (2) they thought the armistice had put them on their parole; (3) there were "difficulties which, I can assure you, were considerable." These explanations are inconsistent with one another, but are all equally damning: (1) Having invited Jameson to come, these "leaders" didn't take the trouble to find out when he would arrive; (2) knowing that Jameson was coming, they left him out of an armistice which they concluded with Kruger, and thought they were "on their parole" not to meet him; (3) there were difficulties—considerable difficulties, I can assure you! Sheer funk, most of us will say with the anonymous letter-writer from Johannesburg, and one is not surprised that these leaders concealed the news of Jameson's capture from 4 P.M. till 9 P.M. The only wonder is that the 2,000 men who were waiting to march out did not shoot their leaders.

With reference to the article in our issue of the 4th ult., entitled "English Music, Past and Present," and the statements and remarks therein made about Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and to the action which he has justly commenced against the Proprietor and Editor of the "Saturday Review" and the printers of it for libel, we desire to express to Sir A. C. Mackenzie our sincere regret that such statements and remarks, which were quite unfounded, should have been inserted, and to contradict them and apologize to him for having allowed them to appear in our paper.

On hearing from Sir Alexander Mackenzie's solicitors, and finding how unjustifiable were the remarks made in the article, we at once endeavoured to make all reasonable reparation. We have already expressed our willingness to comply with the demands originally made by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and since withdrawn. It only remains to explain to our readers that the article was never revised, and that we unfortunately allowed it to go to press without reading it in the hurry of the change of leaders and notes necessitated by the arrival of the news from the Transvaal at a time when we were already suffering from the confusion inevitably following the change of printers which took place that week.

The magnanimity of the Abyssinian Emperor Menelek takes us quite back to the fabled days of the Crusades and the chivalrous Saladin. Certainly we encountered no such knightly spirit in the neighbouring Soudan as that which Menelek had displayed in foregoing a certain capture of beleaguered Makaleh, and suffering the garrison to march out with the honours of war, and even providing an escort to protect them from the violence of

his own tribesmen on their journey back to join the main Italian force. It is intelligible that Italian public opinion should favour a treaty of peace, and the establishment of friendly relations, with a ruler of this fine calibre, and all the more as this is what he apparently desires. Unhappily the Italian Government finds itself in a quandary. Enough has been done, it is true, to vindicate the bravery and devotion of the Italian army, and very probably the terms of peace now possible without further bloodshed would prove almost as good a bargain as any to be bought at the cost of a further long and arduous campaign. But the knowledge that the French have been helping Menelek, and have also interposed a formal objection to our allowing the Italians to use Zeila for the debarkation of their troops, naturally makes the Italians hesitate to conclude a peace which would wear the aspect of submission to France. As we said last week, British diplomacy can devote its energies to no more useful task than the pacification of this purely sentimental Franco-Italian misunderstanding in the Red Sea.

The excitement in Washington over a possible rupture with Great Britain on the question of some Orinoco bog-lands having measurably subsided, the American Jingoës have turned their attention to the hard case of the Armenians, and both Houses of Congress have passed, by large majorities, a resolution which, if it carried any mandatory powers, would mean war with the Sultan. Already the vivid imagination of Senator Turpie beholds the Christian world rallying to a new Crusade, and hears "shots crashing through the Grand Seraglio." Just why that particular building invites the artillery practice of his fancy is not explained; and, indeed, sober critics on the other side seem unanimous enough in declaring that for the United States to assume an attitude of interference in the Eastern Hemisphere at the very moment when they warn Europe that it will meddle with the Western at its peril, is too absurd to think of. It is, no doubt, interesting and significant that the Americans should take the Armenian horrors to heart quite as much as the English do, while nobody on the Continent is at all disturbed about them; but between American sympathy and a deliberate reversal of the time-honoured American policy of non-intervention there is a wide and, probably, impassable gap.

It is worth recalling, however, that, some ninety years ago, the American Republic did wage active war in the Mediterranean, under circumstances bearing likeness enough to the present state of affairs to afford at least a tolerable precedent. The whole North-eastern coast of Africa at the beginning of this century was a nest of pirates, who had levied blackmail upon the commerce of the Levant, and borne off white seamen and merchants into captivity, for hundreds of years. Then, as now, the "concert of Europe" fell to pieces whenever the coercion of the Moslem was suggested. United action among the European States to suppress this nuisance could never be obtained, and the various nations embraced the ignoble alternative of paying annual tribute to these Barbary corsairs, as a price for the immunity of their shipping. The United States followed this established custom until 1801, when the Pacha of Tripoli raised his price, and America resisted the extortion and went to war. American fleets blockaded Tripoli, and fought naval engagements at various points along the African coast as far as Mogador, until at the end of four years, in 1805, the conclusion of peace found the power of the Barbary pirates practically broken. Many of the reputations most highly treasured in American naval history, as of Preble, Rodgers, Decatur, and Hull, were won in this curious struggle, of which Europe has forgotten the very fact that it was ever fought.

Mr. John Morley has opened his campaign in the Montrose burghs by a brisk sally. But surely Mr. Morley exceeded the allowable license of a rattling party speech when he compared Lord Salisbury's "mistake in using language which bore the interpretation that he was attacking the Monroe Doctrine" to the mistake of President Cleveland's Message and that of the German

Emperor's telegram. Lord Salisbury pointed out in a grave and temperate argument why the Monroe Doctrine was not applicable to the case of Venezuela. The argument may have been wrong; but to compare a logical or historical fallacy with the wanton insolence of the President and the Kaiser was unworthy of Mr. Morley.

It is astonishing that a clear reasoner like Mr. Asquith should not see how thoroughly illogical is the position which he has taken up in regard to Voluntary schools and State aid. Mr. Asquith tells us that the Voluntary schools have an income of £4,750,000 a year, of which £3,600,000, or about three-fourths, comes from public sources. The Voluntary schools ask for more, and they suggest that the more should come from the rates instead of from the Imperial Exchequer, though really it can't much matter to them where it comes from. What is the difference in principle between helping a Voluntary school from the rates and from the Imperial taxes? Both are "public sources." The taxpayer pays cheerfully three-fourths of the cost of the Voluntary schools; but the moment the ratepayer is asked to contribute another fraction an interminable hubbub about denominationalism and public control arises. It is like giving a man ten shillings out of your right-hand pocket, and telling him he may do what he likes with it, but refusing to give him half-a-crown out of your left-hand pocket unless he lets you spend it for him.

Mr. Childers was one of those men who owe their success to the practice of the maxim that if you can't be clever you had better be conciliatory. He filled all the highest offices in the State, except that of First Lord of the Treasury. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, Secretary of State for War, and First Lord of the Admiralty. Yet no one could say why he was appointed to any of those posts. He was not a great financier, nor a great administrator, nor even a tolerable Parliamentary speaker. But his very mediocrity stood him in good stead. No one was jealous of him; his manners were polite and unassuming; he never made an enemy by an epigram; and he paid assiduous court to Mr. Gladstone. In short, Mr. Childers was one of Mr. Gladstone's most useful "head clerks." His Parliamentary eloquence was, it must be said, of the most pitiful order. He could not even make a clear or forcible business statement; and standing at the table, helplessly hugging his despatch-box, he reminded one of Pope's couplet:—

"As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,  
As sober Lanesb'rough dancing in the gout."

Yet Fortune showered her favours on this man, and his death leaves vacant a first-class political pension of £2,000 a year.

The late Master of Balliol was fond of confiding to his pupils the fact that "there is a great deal of hard lying in the world amongst persons whose character it is impossible to suspect." What have "the distinguished divines" to say to the Blue-books on Turkey? From the Report of the Consular delegates to the Sasun Commission it appears that not 10,000, nor even 5,000, represent the number of massacred Armenians, but, "including those who perished from want or exposure," about 900. Mr. H. S. Shipley, the British Commissioner, in his memorandum of October 12, observes drily that "many of the persons (especially in the case of Shenik) given as dead were afterwards shown to be alive," and he rudely describes the stories of the slaughter of women in the church of Ghéliéguzan and the convent of Surp Merapa as "enormously exaggerated, if not absolutely invented, in order to add to the very real horror of the affair at Sasun." Dear, dear! This must be awkward reading for the distinguished divines and the Duke of Westminster and Lord Rosebery, though it is the complete vindication of the resolute and common-sense attitude on the Armenian question taken up by the Duke of Bedford.

But why was the publication of these important papers kept back by the Foreign Office until Tuesday? The papers were laid "in dummy" upon the table of



the House of Commons during the short autumn Session of last year. This practice of laying papers in dummy form upon the table of the House is not only highly inconvenient, but is in direct defiance of the Order of the House of Commons (No. 434) which states that "accounts and papers presented to the House shall be laid upon the table in such form as to ensure a speedy delivery thereof to members." The latest of these Turkish papers bears date 16 October, 1895. That is to say, the Foreign Office, having under its hand the means of officially contradicting the malicious and hysterical exaggerations, which have been circulated against a friendly Power during the last three months for the lowest party purposes, has calmly withheld the information from the public.

Why should Great Britain object to Russia policing Armenia? Policing is work as congenial to the Russian as it is abhorrent to the Turk, which is proved by the fact that nearly all the Turkish officials are foreigners. As we cannot undertake the policing of Armenia ourselves, we ought to welcome the acceptance of that task by Russia. If the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention are to be torn up, the consent of the European Powers would be necessary. But as it is quite well known that neither Austria, Italy, nor Great Britain is going to war any more for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, such consent would be more a matter of form than anything else. Of course Russia is not going to police Armenia for nothing; but the Sultan must now be left to make the best terms for himself with the Tsar. The wildest rumours are of course current in the French press as to the compensations which England is going to get for the abrogation of the Anglo-Turkish Convention—Crete, Egypt, and the absolute ownership of Cyprus being all mentioned.

■ St. Pancras and Brixton are very comforting. Not only are the majorities of Mr. Jessel and Mr. Hubbard overwhelming, but they have been given to young men, who are unknown and untried in politics. Mr. Hubbard, it is true, has been a candidate before, but that is not much nowadays; and Mr. Jessel was, until a fortnight ago, a lieutenant in a Lancer regiment, with his mind presumably concentrated upon "morning stables." The truth is that in all really civilized countries the middle class is the strongest factor in the State. This is so in France and England. Now the British middle class has gone over bodily to the Conservative party, where it will remain probably for the next generation, if the Conservative leaders only play their cards decently.

The late Sir Joseph Barnby will be missed by troops of friends and by a very large section of the musical public. At a time when so much is being written about the amiability of deceased gentlemen who were personally disliked during their lifetime, it is pleasant to be able to record in all sincerity that those loved Sir Joseph Barnby most who knew him best. Though he perhaps belonged to the pedantic school, the iron of its chains never entered into his soul; and at heart he seems to have been something of a Bohemian, fonder of the enjoyable rather than the merely correct both in life and in art. He did not compose much, but he was the writer of some songs which had a vogue, of the most popular part-song ever written, and of some church-music which touches the high-water mark of its kind. It is hard to see who will take his place as conductor of the Royal Choral Society; but everything points to Professor Ebenezer Prout as his successor as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. Sir Joseph Barnby forced this institution into the first rank of music schools; and we know of no one so well fitted as Mr. Prout to keep it there.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria must have lost by this time most of the sensitiveness with which well-bred people start out upon life. The necessity of explaining how he came to connive at the butchery of the statesman to whom he owed his crown was in itself calculated to take off the first fine blush of delicacy from his character. This week he has had to listen while the venerable Leo XIII. told him to his face that he had behaved like

a traitor in swearing to his Parmese-Bourbon bride and her family that her children should be reared in her faith, and then trafficking with the Russophile politicians of Bulgaria to hand her first-born over to the Greek Orthodox confession. After that, it is hard to imagine any other personal humiliation which [will count with him. As the approaching baptism of Prince Boris is officially announced, it is probable that the Coburger will find himself under the major excommunication, and deserted as well by the wife whom he has swindled. But the rumours of his abdication are less credible. He has eaten too much dirt for the sake of his petty crown to lightly abandon it now.

The French Ministry announce with calmness the end of a performance which, under ordinary circumstances, would arouse a good deal of comment. If it had been England, for example, which had invaded Madagascar on a pretext of establishing some of its previous claims to suzerainty upon a better basis, and then had torn up all the treaties which secured the rights of other nations there and declared a complete annexation, we can imagine the outraged roar about perfidious Albion which would have split the French skies. Yet this is what France has done. So far as the treatment of English missionaries by the French authorities on the island goes, there is nothing to find fault with, and our total trade with Madagascar has rarely exceeded the value of £200,000 in the best of years. The French colonial idea is, first of all, to create a French trading monopoly; but this will not cost us much in the case of Madagascar, while, as experience elsewhere has shown, it will indefinitely sterilize the commercial development of Madagascar itself. The French like this, and it is not worth our while to say them nay.

In German as in French dreams of colonial empire this notion of creating a mercantile monopoly furnishes the most direct proof imaginable that the true imperial and colonizing instinct is lacking. The German Emperor's loose rhetoric the other day, for example, about Germany's having become a "world-empire," with a vast population over-seas, and an enormous volume of foreign trade, was rendered grotesque by the inopportune publication of statistics at Berlin, showing that in all the German colonies combined there were resident only 700 Germans, of whom over a third were salaried officials. There are millions of Germans living in the United States, and hundreds of thousands engaged in business in England or in the British colonies scattered all over the world. But they are far too shrewd to desert the open British markets for the so-called German colonies, to be exploited by Hamburg *concessionnaires* and bullied by Prussian Customs and police officers. The increasing friction about boundaries entailed upon us by these ambitious projects of the Paris and Berlin Colonial Offices is often troublesome enough, but of serious commercial rivalry there has never been a sign or, we may add, a possibility.

Mr. Alexander Macmillan was a typical Scot, who rose from the rank of a small bookseller to that of one of the most considerable publishers in London. He laid the foundations of his success at Cambridge, and, like most booksellers, he struck up a friendship with the more intellectual of his customers. His shop became a kind of literary centre in the University town. He made Kingsley, and Kingsley made him. When Mr. Macmillan set up his household gods at Tooting, he used to entertain authors, known and unknown, rising, risen, and fallen, with the most generous and courtly hospitality. His conversation was a perpetual feast of anecdote and criticism of the many celebrated men to whom he stood in the pleasant relation of paymaster. He was a strong Carlylean, and dilettantism stirred his wrath. He had a very clever and eccentric son, Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, whose dramatic disappearance six or seven years ago nearly broke the old man's heart. Mr. Malcolm Macmillan and Mr. Arthur Hardinge, now Secretary at Cairo, set out to climb Mount Athos together. Mr. Hardinge went on ahead, and when he turned round to look for his friend could not see him. He must have been murdered by the shepherds.

## THE TROUBLED OUTLOOK.

BY the second week in April, as a rule, the rude mountain roadways in both Anatolia and the Balkans are in a tolerable condition for the use of troops and military trains. Apparently we shall not have to wait much beyond that date, this coming spring, to witness what promises to be the last act in the tragedy of the Turk in Europe.

It is not of the first importance to know whether the "Pall Mall Gazette's" story of a Russo-Turkish treaty is true or not. Even if no contract has formally been ratified, it has been clear enough these three months that Russia holds Turkey in the hollow of her hand. The fact that M. Nelidoff controls the counsels of the Sultan has surely been paraded with sufficient care to clear up any possible misunderstandings on that point. Even the ridiculous controversy about those famous extra guardships was cynically utilized to demonstrate that the Russian Ambassador could obtain from the Sultan for the asking what had been refused with determined obstinacy to all the other Ambassadors for weeks. How much Russia's success at Constantinople is due to the fears of Abdul Hamid, how much to the venality of the corrupt Pashas and favourites about him, is a matter of pure speculation. We know that General Ignatieff, in 1876-78, accomplished a good deal more by the bribery of Turkish officials than the Russian army did by honest fighting in the field, and M. Nelidoff is an accomplished graduate of the same diplomatic school. But, however the thing has been done, it is manifest that Russia has obtained the power to act, when action seems opportune, in the ostensible interest of the Sultan and his Empire.

When spring comes, therefore, we may be prepared to see the Russian army of the Caucasus moving westward from Batoum and Kars upon their mission of restoring order in the distracted provinces of Asia Minor. If this were all that may be looked for, perhaps there would be no occasion for general alarm. The condition of large portions of Asiatic Turkey during the past fifteen months has been so unspeakably bad that an occupation by somebody strong enough to overawe the turbulent elements and put down anarchy, even if that somebody has to be Russia, would be rather welcomed by Christendom than otherwise. But there is a Turkey in Europe as well as in Asia—a shorn and impoverished remnant of the territory conquered by the warrior Sultans, it is true, but still important enough to be the object of fierce desire to half a dozen States, large and small, in South-Eastern Europe. And if Russia, albeit in the guise of a friendly protector, stirs on the Armenian border, it is incredible that there should not be an answering convulsion on the Balkan frontiers.

The leaders of the premature attempt at an uprising in Macedonia, last autumn, gave everybody notice that in the spring a more formidable effort was to be expected. Public meetings have been held during the winter at Sofia and elsewhere, for the avowed purpose of raising recruits and money for an impending demonstration in Macedonia, and the recognized heads of this movement have been journeying between Odessa and the various Balkan towns, openly arranging, under the assumption at least of Russian approval, the details of this coming disturbance. Quite as significant are the utterances of Prince Nikolo of Montenegro, who was eulogized by the late Czar as the only sincere friend Russia had in Europe, and who maintains close enough relations with the present rulers of Russia to invest what he says and does with an importance not at all to be measured by the space his Principality occupies on the map of Europe. His official paper, the "Montenegrin Gazette," of which he is, indeed, the editor and principal contributor, makes no secret of the conviction that war is coming in the spring. It vouches, moreover, for the truth of its assertion that Serbia has been won over to the Russian side, and that King Alexander and Prince Nikolo will march together as allies "under the ægis of mighty Russia," when the trouble comes. This statement about Serbia's change of front is corroborated from other quarters. Although the extraordinary Prince Ferdinand is wandering about Europe

—just now he is in Vienna—striving to produce the impression that Bulgaria's attitude is still undecided, and that his friendship, so to speak, is still in the market, it is plain enough that the Russophile politicians have a firm upper hand in Bulgaria, and that the Principality may be counted, especially where the Macedonian question is involved, upon the side of the Czar. This, then, makes a solid band of pro-Russian States across the Balkan peninsula from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, broken only by the narrow strip of Turkish territory which follows the watershed of the river Lim down to the Bosnian frontier, and gives Austria her one open path southward towards Salonika.

If, as seems entirely probable, these restless minor States proceed in the spring to force fighting upon the Turk in Albania and Macedonia—and it is not to be supposed that Greece would refrain under such a stimulus from entering Thessaly and Epirus—the more immediate question must be what the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will do. Even when the Triple Alliance was most a reality, it was not understood that the compact between the contracting parties extended beyond a pledge to act together in the defensive when any one of the three was attacked. But the plans of conquest with which the Slavonic world is bubbling do not include any direct attack upon Austria. There are designs, it is true, upon territory which she regards as within her "sphere of influence," but this of itself would not entitle her to insist upon the aid of her allies. In other years, while Alexander III. was still alive, it is probable that Austria might have relied on Germany's coming to her assistance at such a crisis, without any hair-splitting as to the letter of the bond between them. But the Austrians comprehend that all that is changed now, and that the German Emperor is paying much more attention to the cultivation of the Czar's friendship than he is to the dilemmas of his nominal partners in the Triple Alliance. The Italians feel this quite as keenly, and both at Vienna and Rome the advisability of allowing the Triple Alliance to lapse before its natural expiration in 1897 is a subject of active newspaper discussion. It may be added that Roumania, which has certain conditional relations with the Triple Alliance, has a direct interest in supporting Austria's Balkan policy, and, although its King is a Hohenzollern, would in all probability associate itself with any action which Austria might take.

The position into which these shifting currents have drawn France is not the least interesting feature in the confused outlook. The Republic has supposed itself to be the particular friend of Russia, and to share with that country the sleepless enmity of the Triple Alliance, as well as the more or less open hostility of England. It finds itself now playing second fiddle at St. Petersburg to the German Emperor; it discovers that both Austria and Italy resent the treatment they are getting from their German ally, and are not far removed from the mood where talk of other partnerships would be welcome; lastly, it finds England suddenly anxious to prove her affection by practical deeds in numerous directions. In the sudden turn which events have taken, France is given a more important part to play in the international game than she has enjoyed since the Second Empire dictated terms to Europe. But if it is an important it is not less a risky part, and upon her shrewdness and good sense in playing it her own ultimate fortunes depend more directly, perhaps, than those of any other nation concerned. Other European States could bear the disasters of a great defeat as merely a passing calamity. For France to meet with a second Sedan would be well-nigh fatal.

Those who dwelt most insistently a year ago upon the value of the late Czar as the preserver of the peace of Europe are seen now to have rather understated than exaggerated his influence in that direction. His successor is not yet crowned, and the diplomacy of the Continent is already in a state of chaos. The old balance of power has disappeared, and in the frightened efforts of sovereigns and ministries to create a new one there is an incessant suspicion of treachery and danger of collision, which puts an intolerable strain upon public apprehension. But England at least can view this troubled outlook undismayed. The disclosure of hostile plans across the North Sea has come in good time to quicken



our preparations for the defence of our own, and to show the world that our partisan differences and rivalries count for nothing when it is a question of Great Britain against her foes.

#### THE UITLANDERS' GRIEVANCES.

ALL cool and candid men will carefully separate the settlement of the political grievances of the Transvaal Uitlanders from the conduct of their leaders, and the responsibility for the Jameson raid. There are no two opinions about the behaviour of the instigators of the invasion, whoever they may be, or about the failure of "the saviours of society" to meet Dr. Jameson. But our just indignation against a policy of plunder and blunder ought not to prejudice the case of those foreign residents in the Transvaal who are innocent of the crimes and follies of others. One of the first questions that must be answered authoritatively is, What is the numerical proportion of Uitlanders to Boers? From an abstract point of view, indeed, the justice or injustice of a political claim cannot be affected by numbers. A majority has no more right, morally speaking, to oppress a minority than a minority or an individual has to oppress a majority. But in practical politics the claims of a majority are always held to be superior to those of a minority, which is generally told that it must turn itself into a majority if it wishes to gain its ends. It is frequently asserted that the Uitlanders outnumber the Boers in their own country by three to one. Is this the fact, or anything like the fact? Dr. Leyds stated the other day in Paris that, according to an official despatch received from Pretoria, the figures were as follows. Of 226,028 white inhabitants, 75,720 are Uitlanders, of whom 41,445 are British subjects, 34,445 other foreigners, and 439 are Americans. It is all very well to say that official despatches from Pretoria are not to be trusted. But surely, in the absence of superior contradictory proof, the Transvaal Government must be assumed to know more about its population than anybody else. Besides, Dr. Leyds gave another figure which to some extent corroborates the others. He stated that on the register at the last election there were 21,237 burghers, which (assuming them to be practically all Boers) would give, at the rate of five to a family, over 100,000 Boers to 75,720 Uitlanders. But if anybody can disprove the figures of the official representative of the Transvaal Government, let him do so. Until that contradiction is forthcoming, those who wish to proceed upon facts will accept the figures of Dr. Leyds. But how does it leave the case of the Uitlanders? So far from the Uitlanders outnumbering the Boers by three to one, it appears that the reverse is the truth. The Uitlanders are, roughly, a third of the white population, and of that third the British are a little over half, or one-sixth of the whole. In the Johannesburg district, no doubt, the Uitlanders are three times as numerous as the Boers. And that is a strong argument in favour of giving Johannesburg an independent municipality, with wide powers, and based upon an occupation franchise. But when it comes to voting for the Volksraad, and participating in the government of the South African Republic, it is obvious that the proportion of Uitlanders to Boers must affect the question of conceding their political demands.

Let us agree upon the question of numbers first, and then see if we can agree upon the question of grievances. What are the grievances? Mr. Charles Leonard's manifesto was rather long for a revolutionary placard, which should be short and heavy-shotted. There is a much more effective statement of the Uitlanders' case in last Saturday's "Figaro," over the signature "Maurice Harel," to which we own our indebtedness. The first grievance is the Naturalization Law. After two years' residence the foreigner may, if he likes, renounce his own nationality, swear allegiance to the Boer, and become liable to military service. In return he is given a vote for the second Raad, which has no power whatever. It is in the absolute discretion of the President to submit the proposals of the second Raad to the first Raad, or to ignore them. If he submits them to the second Raad, that body can either cancel or confirm them. A vote for the first Raad is, therefore, a mere farce. After fourteen years' residence

a foreigner is qualified for the full franchise, or a vote for the second Raad; but he must get a petition signed by two-thirds of the burghers in his district, and his naturalization, which does not extend to his children born in the colony, must be sanctioned by an express vote of the second Raad. In England a foreigner can be naturalized after a residence of two years by the most simple formality.

The result of this Naturalization Law is that the Uitlanders have no share in the administration of the taxes, of which unquestionably they contribute the largest part. Taxation without representation is seen in its crudest and most glaring form in the South African Republic. Before the arrival of the Uitlanders the income of the Transvaal State was under £75,000. In 1894 it was £1,750,000, and in 1895 it exceeded this figure, while the Treasury reserve fund amounted to £2,000,000. Of this £1,750,000 it is calculated that the Boers pay about £80,000. Most of the taxes, such as stamps and the tax on fuel, fall exclusively on the trading community, which is almost wholly foreign. The same remark applies to the fee for registering companies, which used to be 4 per cent. on the money paid for claims, but is now 4 per cent. on the nominal value of the shares. The import duties are part of the same grievance; for the Boers, who live on their farms, import nothing.

Another grievance is the employment in the internal administration of a clique of Dutch officials imported from Amsterdam. The Netherlands Railway Company is entirely in the hands of these Dutch officials, for the pastoral Boers have no aptitude or inclination for administrative work. The Amsterdam officials collect the customs and fix the rates of carriage, which amount to a crushing impost on the mining industry. The Manager of the Netherlands Company boasts that the forty-two miles of line from Springs to Krugersdorp, which is used exclusively for bringing coal to the Rand, pays the interest of the whole capital. Coal, which is of course a necessity to a mining society, is made a luxury by what is in fact a Dutch monopoly.

Dynamite, which is also a necessity to a mining community, is another State monopoly, farmed to a Dutch Company, which has been paid £400,000.

Portugal has been paid £450,000 in connexion with the Delagoa Bay Railway; and £600,000 has been mysteriously despatched to Amsterdam in connexion with some railway schemes negotiated by Dr. Leyds. There is no check upon the national expenditure, no one seems to be responsible, and the Uitlanders complain that the grossest jobs are perpetrated by the Government, which does not condescend to give any explanation.

The Budget shows a surplus; but a large number of subordinate officials clamour for arrears of pay. The police do not get paid regularly, sometimes not at all, and are consequently obliged to make money in other ways.

The administration of justice is neither pure nor effective. The executive is continually encroaching upon the judiciary, and the Volksraad frequently interferes openly in lawsuits. One can form a faint idea of the independence of the judges in a country where the High Court has decided that "if the Volksraad has come to a decision contrary to existing laws, the effect of this decision is *ipso facto* to modify the law."

A servile and corrupt magistracy, an unpaid and insolent police, the jobbing away of the public funds to an Amsterdam ring, an unequal and exorbitant system of taxation, an unreasonably restricted franchise, all these constitute a list of grievances which would supply material for a very respectable Bill of Rights.

It is obvious, however, that the Boers will have a good deal to say against remodelling their Constitution in order to hand over a preponderance of political power to a fluctuating and alien population. The Boers say, You strangers come here to make money, and when you have made it, you go home. You don't care two-pence about the Transvaal Republic: if you swear allegiance to our Government, it will be perjury: in your hearts you hate us, and laugh at our farmer ways. Our enemies are not your enemies, and our friends are not your friends. You are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The best of you are Englishmen: the worst of you are German, French, and Dutch Jews, without

a country, and without much belief in the Bible. If you are, as you say, an overwhelming majority, you are asking us, a conservative, rural population, to hand over our farms, our children, our flocks and herds and our churches, to the control of a fleeting, cosmopolitan crowd of speculators and miners. You ask what is impossible, and what we will never grant, so long as we can hold a rifle.

Suppose the Boers were to answer the Uitlanders' demands thus. What would, what could, Mr. Chamberlain do? He could not deny that there is a great deal of force in the line of argument, and it is the line which the Volksraad may take. President Kruger is a man of great intelligence, who has visited Europe, and knows the proportion of things. He, no doubt, sees that some concessions must be made. But how is he to persuade the Volksraad members, who have never been out of the Transvaal, and who believe that they have for the second time beaten the British Empire? The solution of the difficulty will probably be found in the granting of Home Rule to the Johannesburg district, and in its virtual separation from the rest of the Transvaal. A Johannesburg County Council, with its own Watch Committee and constabulary, and its own School Board, ought to give the Uitlanders all they want without offending conservative prejudices which we, as a nation, should be the first to respect, and without politically swamping the Boers in their own country.

#### IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE new Agricultural Board will probably be the distinguishing feature of Mr. Gerald Balfour's administration of Ireland, just as Railway Extension and the Congested Districts Board characterized that of his brother. The scope of the Board, which was practically promised by Mr. Balfour to a deputation from the Munster Agricultural School a few days ago, goes, however, a little further than anything hitherto attempted; for whereas the utmost the Irish Government could be persuaded to do seven years ago was to make special exceptional provision for certain districts subject to periodical famine, Ireland as a whole is now admitted to be a subject for exceptional treatment and direct Government assistance. This is the legitimate sort of Home Rule, and we hope to see more of it. Intelligent Unionists have always admitted that, while it is necessary to insist on legislative unity as an Imperial necessity, there are many matters in which administrative decentralization should be carried out, matters in regard to which it might be desirable that decentralization should be established in Ireland in a form essentially different from that necessary in England. The methods that suit a mainly manufacturing country do not always work equally well in a country that is and must remain mainly agricultural. Free imports, which did so much to create England's manufacturing supremacy, did not a little to increase Ireland's economic difficulties; and if Ireland is to take her proper place as a help instead of a hindrance in the Imperial system, an effort must be made to give Irish agriculture a chance. That we take it to be the task of the new Board.

Coming to details, it is, of course—as in most things Irish—much easier to say what the Board must not be than what it ought to be. We have so many examples of what to avoid. The Irish Board of Works, in its engineering department, is the most absolutely centralized and rule-of-thumb body in the Castle. The coast is strewn with the wrecks of its piers, built to pass a perfunctory inspection, and to perish in the first winter that happened to bring a bad storm. It has probably spent more money with less permanent result than any other Government office in the three kingdoms, and “jobbing department” might be written over its doors. Mr. Hanbury personally inspected some of its ruined works last summer, and he can give Mr. Gerald Balfour further information on the point if he requires it. The Congested Districts Board has, in spite of some mistakes, a much better record, because, in the first place, its members were chosen, not because they wanted a job, but because of special qualifications for and sympathy with the work set before them; and, secondly, because they did not

sit in a back-room in Rutland Square, but went down to the districts placed in their charge, and consulted with everyone—landlord, priest, or Poor-law Guardian—who had experience or opinions to offer. Still more important, they availed themselves of local aid and local supervision in carrying out the work decided upon.

The new Board, if it is to accomplish anything, must keep two points constantly before it: it must be a learning body as well as a teaching one, and it must work not through Dublin officials, but through local committees. Mr. Kipling's “Colonel from Chatham,” who was sent down to manage the railways of State “because of the gold on his breeks,” and “because on all matters that deal not with railways his knowledge was great,” has too long been the model in Ireland as in India. It will be better to permit the Munster Agricultural School to go on with the good and successful work it has been doing than to hamper it with an “instructor” who may know much about wheat-growing, but knows nothing of the butter, the wool, or the beef by which Munster ought to thrive. In the breeding of horses the Congested Districts Board has already created a revolution in its small way. Ulster would be none the less prosperous if she were to learn from Belgium the way to grow and prepare flax for the market. The thirty thousand tenants who have become the owners of their holdings require to be taught how and where to get the best seed, how to save their crop, and how to dispose of it when saved. All this, as we have said, is not to be done by a Board sitting in an office and drawing up rules or issuing official “Notices.” The work of the Central Board will be to make it easy for the small farmer to help himself. To show him a “model farm” complete in every detail, and run on high principles regardless of expense, may excite a mild curiosity, or even admiration, on his part, but it will never suggest imitation. To make a combination of the more promising men in a parish, and help them to improve their methods and their aims, is the first step. When once they have learnt to take an interest in the improvements, and to place confidence in the Board, an important advance will have been made.

The work will not be done in a day—or, perhaps, in a generation. There will be many obstacles, and the greatest of these is the middleman. The shopkeeper, the pig-jobber, the cattle-dealer, the butter-factor, and the gombeen-man have all grown fat at the expense of the Irish farmer. Mr. Horace Plunkett and Mr. Anderson, whose co-operative dairies and co-operative seed-purchasing societies have transformed a few districts, could tell tales about the middleman. A big shopkeeper with half the countryside in his debt can charge his own prices and distribute his inferior seed and his adulterated fertilizers without fear of competition or rivalry. His “unearned increment” levied off the industry of the neighbourhood is double that of the poor landlord, and yet the landlord is denounced as a leech and a bloodsucker, while the middleman is president of the “branch” that denounces him.

We shall be told, of course, that all this is paternal government. Well, so long as it works well, we have no great objection either to the word or to the thing. If Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and Brittany can undersell Irish, or, for the matter of that, Scotch or English, farmers with the help of paternal government, it is high time that we were trying it for ourselves. It was “paternal,” no doubt, for the Congested Districts Board and the Royal Dublin Society to make inquiries in France as to cure for the blight on the vines, and try the experiment of the “*bouillie bordelaise*” on the potato blight; but its result was the disappearance in a couple of seasons of a plague that had been the curse of Ireland for fifty years. The reports of the Ministers of Agriculture and of Industry and Communications for Hungary tell what “paternalism” has done in five years for that country in improved methods of culture and improved access to markets. Ireland is tired of politics for the present, and shows every inclination to help rather than to hinder the statesman who takes advantage of his opportunity by putting the whole agricultural system of the country on a sound and remunerative basis.



## THE ITALIAN AIM IN ABYSSINIA.

THE large expenditure of men and money that Italy is being put to at the present moment in a war in Abyssinia may seem to many a matter of vast surprise, for the physical features of the country upon the conquest of which our allies seem bent are well known to be of a sterile and unprofitable nature. But the aim of Italy does not lie merely in the dethronement of Menelek and the conquest of the northern part of his dominions, the arid tableland of Abyssinia, but rather in the conquest of the southern part, where a vast extent of healthy and fertile country is to be found, not only in the province of Shoa, but more especially in the plateau of Harrar.

Both Shoa and Harrar at one time formed separate kingdoms, and it was only by his conquest of the North that Menelek—until then King of Shoa—became Negus of Abyssinia. The Harrar district was added to his dominions later on. It may not prove uninteresting now that the question is one that is absorbing so much public interest to revert briefly to Harrar and its surroundings, which, as already stated, form the ultimate goal of the Italian troops. Nor is there any reason to believe that their arrival there will be hailed with anything but satisfaction by the natives, for the barbaric government of Menelek and his officials has ruined the poor peace-loving Harraris and their neighbours the Gallas.

Formerly an independent kingdom, Harrar became in time an Egyptian province, and remained so until, in 1884, at the urgent advice of Great Britain, the late Khedive consented to evacuate the town and province, owing to the vast upheaval caused by the revolt in the Sudan, and the difficulty, danger, and expense of holding so distant a district. Radwan Pasha, accompanied by an English officer, carried out the evacuation, and numbers of officials, troops and "fellahin" found their way to the coast, many of the latter being eventually granted lands in the neighbourhood of Suakim. The Harraris, who form a little separate people which probably owes its origin to a mixture of Arab, Galla, and Egyptian blood, put a descendant of the original reigning family on the throne and settled down peacefully to their trade and agriculture. But such a rich and tempting bait was not long resisted by Menelek, whose dominions in Shoa reached to within an easy march of the practically undefended city, and only a very few years after the Egyptians left he arrived with his warriors in the vicinity of the place. Now Menelek had never seen a town before, all the dwellings of Abyssinia being thatched, and the sight of the imposing city on its hillock, surrounded by indefensible walls, is said to have almost persuaded the king to return home; but his advisers kept up his spirits, and Harrar fell without a blow being struck. And then commenced, no massacre it is true, but such a system of culpable destruction that the wealth of the city and its rich gardens was practically destroyed in a few days. The ignorant bestial Abyssinian soldiery cut down the valuable coffee plantations for firewood and destroyed hedges and property to their hearts' content, until, having extorted all the money possible from the citizens, Menelek withdrew himself and his army into Abyssinia, leaving a sufficient force to garrison the place and a viceroy to rule in his name, the well-known Ras Makunan. Since then the whole district has been a prey to the conquering people. Misgovernment has practically ruined its commerce, and its agriculture has been neglected. Yet Harrar and its surroundings offer facilities for both commerce and agriculture as great as are to be found in any portion of Africa. Harrar lies in a rich district, and certainly the entire country to the South would seek it as a market were the caravan roads safe, and their goods and animals not liable to be confiscated by grasping officials.

The town of Harrar, which lies at an altitude of between six and seven thousand feet above the sea level, is situated on an undulation on the plateau, which stretches away on all sides except to the N.W., where Jibel Hakin, a range of hills, rises. Water runs in clear streams in every direction, capable of irrigating miles of fertile plains. Coffee, the vine, bananas, and almost all European fruit trees seem to flourish, and the fertility

of the soil is extraordinary. Grazing land for thousands of flocks and herds extends in every direction, while forests of most valuable timber lie within two days' easy marching. The climate is healthy and but little fever exists, though at the time of the writer's visit cholera was rife in the place. With such advantages the Italians might make a paradise of Harrar, and no peasantry in the world is more likely to realize the value of the land than they are, for the climate much resembles that of Italy. A caravan route that offers but few difficulties, and which is to-day in constant use, unites Harrar with the Somaliland coast at Zeila, a distance of considerably under two hundred miles, nearly all of which, with the exception of the last thirty miles, is over comparatively level ground, and the expense of laying a railway from the coast to Jildessa, at the foot of the Harrar highlands, would be small indeed, and with the facilities and cheapness of transit the local market would increase and the tribes from the country round would make the town their centre of commerce. Gold, ivory, coffee, and a dozen other valuable commodities would be exported, while for manufactured goods the demand would be very considerable, and even with the existing disadvantages it is so to-day.

It can little be wondered at then that Italy, with its barren colony on the shores of the Red Sea, is desirous of pushing further afield and arriving in a country which a small capital and a few colonists would make unrivalled. And for England the advantage of Italy as a neighbour to our protected Somali possessions could not be over-estimated. The trade of Aden would increase, and we should be left without anxiety as to the constant raids of lawless Abyssinian soldiery into country which, nominally if not practically, is under our protection.

Once Menelek is defeated, and his vast horde of troops disbanded, it is extremely improbable that any serious resistance will be offered to the Italians, who will be able to continue their march, pacifying the country as they proceed, until Harrar is reached. And once at their goal the process of colonization will commence, and in a few years' time, it may sincerely be hoped, the gardens of Harrar will be bearing their rich harvests of coffee again. At all events we English will have cause to be grateful to the brave Italian troops, whose progress, as they themselves know too well, has been no child's play; for in place of having as our neighbours the most debased of all the Christian people of the world—and the Moslem Somalis and Gallas are far better men than the Abyssinians—we shall be able to welcome our allies of the Mediterranean, whose skilful peasantry will soon change the entire condition of the country and render of use and value the now neglected plateaux and valleys of Harrar.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

## THE FATE OF ALL GOOD RADICALS.

NOW that Lord James and the Duke of Devonshire have definitely pronounced in favour of alliance, and against fusion, I am asked to deal with the position and policy of the Liberal-Unionist party, as a question of paramount importance at the present juncture.

The SATURDAY REVIEW enabled me at the commencement of the General Election last July to appeal to the electorate, in the name of our Imperial interests, to support the true Imperial policy of the Coalition Government.

I then ventured on two prophecies. I wrote: "A clear majority of the representatives elected will be Conservatives." A clear majority of twelve on a division over all other parties was the result.

I also wrote: "The actual necessity for a Coalition Government will presently disappear, and Radical-Unionists will in due course be at liberty . . . to accept the reversion to their natural position as leaders of a new Liberal party."

On the 23rd of January Lord James delivered a most able and epoch-making speech. For himself he said: "The fact that Liberal-Unionist politicians, for the first time, joined a Conservative Government proves an epoch in our history which has changed the position we had previously occupied. . . . For nine years we served with the Conservatives to preserve the Union.

... If we are a Coalition Government, we are a united Government!... and if ever the day should come when they would be asked to sacrifice the principles which belonged to the *Liberal party of old*, they would not hesitate to show they were... capable of taking up an independent position.... In April last Mr. Justin McCarthy said 'we [the Irish party] hold the Government of England in the hollow of our hand.' That was true, and if ever the *Liberal party* comes back as at present constituted into office, the same hands will hold that party... our old cause is the cause of a *Liberal policy*."

Then Lord James communicated a very definite letter written by the Duke of Devonshire, after due consultation with the other Liberal-Unionist leaders:—

"It would be a misfortune if by the positive relinquishment of the wave of organization which has done such good service to the Unionist cause any of our friends should feel themselves compelled to make a choice between the *Liberal name and principles which they have never abandoned*, and the Unionism which may appear to have ceased, for the moment, to be a practical or urgent question.... The disappearance from political life of the leaders mainly responsible for the conversion of the Liberal party to Home Rule may afford an opportunity to many who are guided rather by loyalty to their leaders than by conviction to reconsider their position...."

The italics are mine. In brief, the Liberal-Unionist leaders after due deliberation declare that the necessity for a Coalition Government exists until the bulk of the Liberal party recant the Home Rule heresy—a view in thorough accordance with common sense and the truest statesmanship.

Those of us who sat in the last two Parliaments used to watch with deep interest the many efforts made by the rank-and-file of the Gladstonian wing of the Liberal Party to throw off a glamour which kept them in bondage to Mr. Justin McCarthy and his Irish colleagues and competitors. Mr. Atherley Jones proved on one occasion that he could take, I believe, seventy members with him into an independent Lobby.

The lesson of the General Election has, moreover, had its effect; and it is commonly believed that to throw over Home Rule is the ardent wish of a great many Liberals and Radicals who have at heart many a practicable reform, and are rightly vexed to see them indefinitely postponed because of the claims of an impossible policy advocated by a few quarrelling Irishmen.

As if to accentuate this wholesome revulsion of feeling, we now see the disappointment and proper disgust with which genuine Radicals have received the absurd, not to say traitorous, expressions used by their quondam allies, the leaders of the Home Rule factions, who have applauded all expressions of hostility to the British Empire, no matter from what quarter they might come.

Everything points distinctly towards a great Liberal Reconciliation. Those who believe that the British Constitution can only work by the means of two great constitutional parties will cordially welcome this tendency on one fundamental condition—namely, that the movement does not threaten or weaken the present admirable Unionist Government. That is a condition which I would place in the very forefront. Nothing must be done to discount in any degree Lord Salisbury's careful and able Foreign Policy, Mr. Balfour's vigorous and patriotic Home Policy, and Mr. Chamberlain's decisive and energetic Colonial Policy.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that Conservative workers all over the kingdom feel that by dint of many years' hard work they have placed their own party actually in power. In many cases they know that they have foregone the satisfaction of running their own candidates in order loyally to carry out the terms of alliance with the Liberal-Unionists. And having achieved an absolute majority at the polls, they are naturally urgent that the promises on which their representatives won election shall be carried out by the Government which is secured in office by their own suffrages and arduous labours. Many of these promises of Conservative measures are of a very definite character, and Conservative workers claim that any other

measures, and especially those not to their liking, must at least be postponed till the next General Election decides what party is to control the Government. They make the very reasonable claim that the party with the majority must dictate the programme.

Happily the problem capable of statement as a dilemma is in reality nothing of the kind. Every one recognizes that nothing whatever must be done in any way or degree to weaken the hands of the Government. But it is all the wiser to forecast the future, if by so doing we discover a new element of strength for the patriotic Imperial policy which is so happily identified with the present Government.

The country, the Empire, the world, can now rest assured that no change of external policy is possible in England now. The manifesto of the Liberal-Unionist Leaders is but an indication of the growth of the public conviction that in due course the scattered and defeated forces of the late Government will capitulate to those stalwart Liberals and Radicals who, while remaining true to all Liberal and Radical principles, have not fatally injured themselves by following the *ignis fatuus* of Home Rule. And the world will know that these Leaders are as thoroughly imbued as the Conservatives with the determination to uphold the Unity of the United Kingdom and the Integrity of the Empire. This new conviction as to the external policy of any succeeding Government of the United Kingdom will dawn on the world as a new light on the recent notable solidarity of the determination, throughout the British Empire, to unite as one man in defence of British interests and British territories.

What may be the time and what the manner of the resolution of the present Coalition Government time alone will show. All things point to a very friendly dissolution. But all things point to this comfortable feature, that, when the time is ripe for a reuniting of the scattered elements of the Liberal and Radical parties, there will be no responsible leaders of the new party who will for one moment countenance the disintegrating ideas and principles which formed the stock-in-trade of the late Government. A true Imperial policy is certain for many generations to come. Meanwhile the Conservative party—the mother-party of these excellent policies, foreign, colonial, and naval—will always be ready, at the call of the electors, to carry on with full efficiency such a policy in all its departments, and to check any dangerous departures from it whenever the electors may have placed power in the hands of a reconstituted Liberal party.

The genius of the British Constitution and the British character necessitates two great parties in the State. It is now seen that the Government of the Empire can never again fall into the hands of any party dominated by the Disunion policy of petty Irish factions, or the policy of shrinkage advocated by the now defunct party of Little Englanders.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

## A BIOLOGICAL VIEW OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

BY A BIOLOGIST.

THE record of the past history of life upon the earth has made us familiar with one phase in the drama of evolution. For countless generations a number of species may have been struggling, on tolerably equal terms, now one, now the other, securing some little advantage, when, suddenly, a turn in the kaleidoscope of the world gives one of them an advantage of real moment. The lucky species multiplies rapidly; it spreads over the land and the seas, its rivals perishing before it or being driven into the most inhospitable corners; in the technical term the species becomes dominant. At the present epoch the human race is dominant, and its nearest allies, the higher apes, survive only in recesses of tropical forests. The most dramatic period of the phase is now before us. The dominant species has conquered the whole earth; it has broken up into many local varieties, and the local varieties, transcending their own bounds, are pressing upon each other.

The great nations of the earth are local varieties, species in the making. It is not necessary that there



should be anatomical distinctions among them; although, indeed, the English, Germans, French, Russians and Americans, Chinese and Japanese, have each their distinct groups of average characters. They are qualities of the brain and mind that separate the human race from the lower animals; and, in the qualities of the brain and mind, in modes of thought, habits and prejudices, aptitudes and sentiments, there are already abundant characters, incipiently specific among the nations in question. Indeed there is evidence to show that the supreme specific distinction, mutual infertility, is beginning to appear between the more strongly marked types. But interbreeding is more than a physical phenomenon; and no one can dispute the growth of racial instincts that discountenance intermarriage. The nations are gathering themselves together, emphasizing their national characters, and unconsciously making for specific distinctness.

The foreign policies of the nations, so far as they are not the mere expressions of the individual ambitions of rulers, or the jog-trot opportunism of diplomatists, are anticipation of and provision for struggles for existence between the incipient species. Arsenals of war, navies and armies, and the protective and aggressive weapons of the species-corporate, as the antlers of the stag, or the teeth and claws of the tiger, are the weapons of the individual. War itself is the most striking expression of the actual struggle. Here, however, it is necessary to distinguish. One kind of war, and that the most familiar in the last two centuries when the opening of new continents made room for the expansion of growing nations, was a mere katabolic activity, the bye-play of exuberant vitality. Such were the campaigns of Napoleon, or our own Crimean war; these were games, the winning or losing of which affected only the princes and generals. After a brief fever the nations forgot for what they had fought, and almost before the dead had decayed, the natural equilibrium was restored. A second kind of war occurs when an expanding, changing nation presses on its weaker or stationary neighbour. With this and its swift result the English have become familiar in every part of the world. But the last, and what must be a struggle to the death, comes only when two growing nations find no room for expansion save by compression of the one.

The world is rapidly approaching the epoch of these last wars, of wars which cannot end in peace with honour, of wars whose spectre cannot be laid by the pale ghost of arbitration. The facts are patent. Feeble races are being wiped off the earth, and the few great, incipient species arm themselves against each other. England, as the greatest of these—greatest in geographical distribution, greatest in expansive force, greatest in race-pride—has avoided for centuries the only dangerous kind of war. Now, with the whole earth occupied and the movements of expansion continuing, she will have to fight to the death against successive rivals. With which first? With which second? With which third?

The problem is biological, and two considerations drawn from our knowledge of the conflicts between species must be weighed for an answer. First, it is plain that conflict is most imminent and most deadly between species that are most similar. Creatures of the forest have no quarrel with those that haunt the sea-shores until they have tried issue with all other forest-creatures. Insect-eaters will not struggle for fruits until they have beaten off all other insect-eaters. Secondly, and equally obviously, the struggle is most imminent between species that are expanding most rapidly. Casual encounters may occur wherever creatures with offensive weapons come together; vital struggles only where the growth of one species forces it against another.

China and Japan are not our enemies on either ground. For many generations they may be left to account for each other, in the immemorial Asiatic fashion, by mutual blood-letting. Their habits of life and their climatic aptitudes make them the last rivals of Western nations. In the distant future, when they have monopolized the low-lying tropics, the ultimate survivor of other nations may have to meet them. But such a distant turn of the kaleidoscope of fate is beyond prevision. Nor can

Russia be regarded as an immediate rival of England. It is a huge, amorphous, protoplasmic mass, ready, indeed, to engulf any intruding foreign body, but not informed with the high organization necessary for movements of external aggression. In a creeping, amoeboid fashion, now protruding, now withdrawing arms, it is bound to grow down to the Southern sea-ports its internal fertility demands. These necessary conditions attained, Russia will spend centuries in the slow process of domestic integration, and wars of aggression, save as ephemeral caprices, are not to be feared from it.

France, despite our historic antagonism for her, is no rival of England in the biological sense. She is not a nation that is growing and striving to expand beyond her boundaries. Her wars have been the dreams of rulers, not the movements of peoples. Her colonies have not struck roots of their own, but have remained in organic connexion with the mother-country, draining their vital sap from her. In commerce, in art, in letters, in the daily business of life, the French and the English people have been complements of each other, not rivals. France and England are bound together by a thousand endearing diversities of character; they are commensal mates; allies, not enemies.

In a discussion like the present, the smaller nations, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Greece and the Balkan States are negligible quantities. They are domesticated species, living, by the grace of their neighbours, under artificial conditions. Austria, indeed, is not even a domesticated species; it is one of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's "happy families"; an assortment of incongruous breeds, imperfectly trained to live together in a harmony that requires the utmost vigilance of the keepers. When the throes of species-war begin, the park-railings surrounding the artificial varieties will be thrown down, and the escaped creatures will join their natural allies.

Of European nations, Germany is most alike to England. In racial characters, in religious and scientific thought, in sentiments and aptitudes, the Germans, by their resemblances to the English, are marked out as our natural rivals. In all parts of the earth, in every pursuit, in commerce, in manufacturing, in exploiting other races, the English and the Germans jostle each other. Germany is a growing nation; expanding far beyond her territorial limits, she is bound to secure new foothold or to perish in the attempt. It is true, she has not yet succeeded in making colonies of her own. But that failure is the mere accidental result of her political system. Her own revolution is imminent, and Germany, as a democratic Power, would colonize for herself, with the same aptitude she has shown for infiltrating our own colonies. Were every German to be wiped out to-morrow, there is no English trade, no English pursuit that would not immediately expand. Were every Englishman to be wiped out to-morrow, the Germans would gain in proportion. Here is the first great racial struggle of the future: here are two growing nations pressing against each other, man to man all over the world. One or the other has to go; one or the other will go.

There remains the Anglo-Saxon race itself. If this break up into species, it is plain enough that conflict is inevitable as soon as the separate species have grown beyond their territorial limits. The territorial isolation of Canada, Australia and South Africa offers opportunity for the production of new sub-species. With the small facility for inter-communication, and with the narrow political views of last century, there is little doubt but that these offshoots from the mother-stock would have come into conflict with England. The circulation of population that is now possible, and the modern views of Imperial federation, alike tend to preserve the unity of the race, in spite of the distinctive physical characters which, already, have made their appearance. With America, on the other hand, union has become impossible. The American type is now so distinct, and the American sentiment of nationality is so acute, that all hope of union is gone. The resemblances and identities that remain serve only to make the ultimate struggle more certain. America would be our enemy before Germany, but for the accident that America is not yet a nation expanding beyond her own

territory. Each recurring census shows that the time is approaching when America will have to expand or cease. The new regulations against the immigration of destitute aliens are one symptom that America, grown beyond the receptive phase, is reaching the aggressive phase. The Monroe doctrine is the most obvious provision against the expansion that soon must come; but the Monroe doctrine is a useless phrase of diplomacy; before long the nation itself, by its inevitable natural growth, will be enforcing a Monroe doctrine that is not a phrase but a fact. The rumours of war with England must be realized and will be realized when the population of the States has transcended the limits of the States.

The biological view of foreign policy is plain. First, federate our colonies and prevent geographical isolation turning the Anglo-Saxon race against itself. Second, be ready to fight Germany, as *Germania est delenda*; third, be ready to fight America when the time comes. Lastly, engage in no wasting wars against peoples from whom we have nothing to fear.

#### LORD LEIGHTON.

**L**ORD LEIGHTON'S fitness to drive the Academy chariot in the ruts of commercial success is admitted on every side. His geniality, eloquence, and magnificent taste in house decoration are perhaps unexampled in the annals of artists. His social triumphs, his knowledge of how to make life to himself, as Etty said Art had made it to him, "one long summer holiday," his royal conduct of all Academic ceremonies, must duly enlist our sympathies; while his silent courage under the last touch of fate may well draw from us an admiring tribute.

Born in 1830, Lord Leighton was bound to hear the rush and whirl of thought that made noise enough in France and England at and after that time. Yet, tracing his work from the beginning, there appears little to show that Romanticism or Preraphaelitism had moved him with their intensities and semi-deliriums. It is true a fellow-feeling may be seen in his falling back on the beginnings of Italian art for subjects such as the famous one of the procession with "Cimabue's Madonna." But the mode of pictorial speech is contentedly conventional, and throughout his life, with the singular exception of portraiture, his work is of the clean unrudded type so well known in modern Italian and some modern French pictures. Indeed he was made, as a painter, in Italy, and it is curious to note the similarity of education evidenced in the mere handling of his friend Da Costa's landscapes and in his own figure-paintings. That unemotional correctness of handling resulted in a peculiar look of feebleness of the sugarcandy kind, as in his "Helen of Troy," which drew from a well-known poet the inquiry whether the limbs of Helen were composed "of honey or what." However, a large public was found to relish this kind of thing. It was considered "finished"; and though the painter in his "Clytemnestra" essayed to rise to a tragic theme, and though Clytemnestra's bounteousness of build and loftiness of bearing half redeemed the picture from prettiness, yet the air of Liberty silk and the transparency of candy were still there. Those who knew how such subjects could be treated when Tragedy rapt some favourite son of hers—such as William Blake, say—far from West-End drawing-rooms into the true empyrean of art, knew the polish and transparency of Leighton's picture to be rather cheap excuses for the absence of real passion and its beauty. One great effort of Leighton's had, for a time, a great effect. He painted the "Daphnephoria," and something in his method must have fitted that light and joyous scene, for the picture was a rage for a good while—perhaps deservedly; and the figure of the Daphnephorus was followed by a long train from other hands of more or less nude figures, of slender build as his, and with a half sidelong, half forward, thrust of the thigh in walking. Frederic Leighton found that type of movement in Italy—most likely in Florence—and presented it afresh with new trimmings. The "Daphnephoria" is perhaps the high-water mark among his subject pictures; for there is less of the "sweetening" pro-

cess in it, and more dependence for softness and transparency on "placing the tint" truly than in other and later works. It set a fashion in more ways than one, which proves, if proof were needed, that some real power lay in the author of it. Among a long list of subjects found by Leighton in the tragic and mystic side of Greek belief, the most memorable seems to be that of "Hermes bearing Persephone back from the lower world." In the bearing of Demeter, who falters for very joy, and hardly dares step nearer to clasp her long-sought child, there is a dignity of pathos that well accords with our notions of what is fitting in the "old great gods." It is also a little strange that the housepainter-like flatness of the painting—especially in the rocks between which Hermes soars with his hardly living burden—seems to be in this case, too, harmonious with the right expression of the story. Throughout the entire range of Leighton's work cases of similar happy adjustment of expression to thought occur as exceptions. But the failure to get this adjustment is too often visible. The great subject of "Andromeda," for instance, called for a great exertion, and the painter put forth the might that was in him. But the desire to escape from prettiness and pettiness led him into a grotesqueness allied to distortion—so far, at least, as the figure of Andromeda was concerned. And most of us remember that peculiarly unhappy instance where a female beside a vase has the shoulder hitched up on a level with the ear, and the drapery over the breast is so curiously arranged as to look hopelessly wrong in drawing. This, though it was odd, looked anything rather than strong. It might be true: it was certainly ugly. Barry, Haydon, David Scott, and many weaker devotees of history painting were pompous, extravagant, and untrue in their presentations of god or hero. Lord Leighton was at the other extreme of the line. He failed, when he failed, by excess of prettiness. Goddess or mortal maiden, each looks as if she used violet powder freely. The material of his classical subjects is all at home in the West End of London. They are items that go to make the most ravishing of tableaux vivants.

Needless to say only a small number of really competent connoisseurs were ever fully satisfied by this trivial treatment of fine themes. Most of those who know Greek thought truly—that is to say, all who are, like Keats, essentially Greek themselves—take this drawing-room classicism of Leighton's as something of a travesty. The painter made his choice, and his memory will remain or pass according to the worth or worthlessness of that choice. His life and his pictures were devoted to the exposition of superficial beauty. This he did well; but when we think of the latent power of the man as instanced in such a portrait as that of Captain Burton, we cannot but regret that he did not give more of his fortunate life to the rugged and grander qualities of the race. Art in England trends now towards purposes of which Leighton never showed any knowledge, and though his pencil is now inactive for ever, its loss will not stay the movements that even during his life went on irrespective of any influence of his. During his Presidentship the prestige of the Academy has declined enormously, not by his fault, but as the natural result of several generations of blindly politic painters who made the Academy their shop and Society their gold-mine, quite careless of the great duty of instruction their Corporation owed the nation in return for the rare privilege granted them—the privilege of existing as a public or a private body, just as one or the other character consisted with the interest of the moment.

#### "JEANNIE DEANS."

**I**F I granted that Mr. Joseph Bennett's notions of a libretto could not be improved upon, and that they were perfectly carried out in "Jeannie Deans," I should be compelled to add the trifling proposition that the libretto of "Jeannie Deans" is as near an approach to perfection in a libretto as we are likely to see in this vale of tears and unsuccessful operas. Happily I need commit myself to nothing of the sort—happily, because I feel sure Mr. Bennett would think I was poking fun at him, and I have no desire to hurt his feelings by joking when so serious a person as "Jeannie Deans"



is under discussion. With all deference to Mr. Bennett I fancy that his notions of an effective libretto are a little out of date; I almost think that his out-of-date notions are not made the most of in "Jeannie Deans"; and I am certain that we have had in the past and will have in the future very much better librettos. At the same time we have had, and doubtless will have, a great deal worse; and I gladly admit that a great deal worse might have been done with the subject, and that it is not easy to see how it could be much better handled. It was perhaps a mistake to think of handling it in opera form at all. The whole story is an abject tribute to respectability, and full of the most disgustingly fulsome flattery of respectability. Take David Deans, the father. When he hears of his daughter's misfortune, a misfortune very common in Scotland, I understand, he casts her off because she has brought dishonour on his name—because, that is, people will say disagreeable things about the respectability of his family (as if any man in full possession of his wits would consider for a moment what people said); and with all his dread of other people's opinions he is indifferent to, or oblivious of, the fact that he is an interminable preaching and praying and sniffing bore, the least tolerable of the whole race of bores. Jeannie, his daughter, the heroine, is little better. She poses throughout as the unimpeachably respectable young person; she will tolerate no vice and indulge in no virtue that does not bear the hall-mark of respectability; she risks her sister's life and gives infinite trouble to herself and all concerned rather than tell a delicate little fib which might ultimately prevent her getting a favourable epitaph and the *entrée* into the most respectable society in the next world. Poor Effie is her father's daughter and her sister's sister. She is put into prison to await trial for a crime which it is certain she did not commit and for which it is equally certain she will be hanged; and yet she throws away an opportunity of escape which any reasonable girl would at once take, on the ridiculous ground that she will only leave when she is declared innocent before the world—that is, when her neighbours will be unable to gossip about her, as if the mere fact that she had been declared innocent would prevent that, and as if it mattered whether they gossiped or not. In Scott's novel these people are more or less tolerable, because they are studied as quaint and almost incomprehensible savages. But the bold librettist who would set them on the operatic stage must at the outset discard all that redeems their *bourgeois* dullness. No analysis or comment is possible, no piquant dialogue, no humorous descriptions: one bore after another must stand up and pour forth prayers and preachings and moral fallacies until one's gorge rises at the humbug of the thing, and all one's artistic being is worked into a frenzy of revolt against the intolerable tedium. Still, Mr. Joseph Bennett has done his best, and if there are periods in which the music may be enjoyed the credit goes to him as well as to Mr. MacCunn. Of course, Mr. MacCunn had to carry Mr. Bennett's difficulties, as well as his own, on his one pair of shoulders. Whatever hampered Mr. Bennett hampered him, and, besides, in the lines of the book Mr. Bennett devised for him a fresh set of difficulties. I do not deny that the lines may be the very highest poetry, worthy to stand beside the finest of our distinguished Poet Laureate, but such specimens as this are anything but helpful to a composer:—

"My father's God, be near me in this hour of anguish and dismay!

Guard me round with Thy fierce lightnings that no evil reach my fainting soul!"

or this powerful, if rugged, bit:—

"I walk the earth a fiend!

A pestilence that blights the near and dear!

A mother's prayers, a maiden's purest love, an infant's innocence, availed them not.

Behold in me the murderer of them all!"

or this daring and effective plagiarism of Washington's monumental falsehood:—

"O Sir! I cannot tell a lie,"

or, finally, the strangely beautiful variant of it:—

"A lie I may not tell."

This is undoubtedly great poetry, but it must have cost

Mr. MacCunn some trouble to set, and in fact I seem to see signs of that trouble in the score. And as though it were not, as Elijah says in Mendelssohn's fine oratorio, "enough" to have to set such tw—such great poetry, and find musical speech for three of the unwholesomest dullards to be found in the whole range of fiction, the opportunities of making effect which arise naturally are denied to Mr. MacCunn by reason of having been used before. For example, there is room for a powerful scene where Staunton breaks into the prison and tries to induce Effie to fly and she declines; but it would simply be the prison scene from "Faust" with a good deal left out, and a good deal not done so well. If Mr. MacCunn had tried to do his best in the scene at Mushat's Cairn ("Midnight. Distant lightning betokens the approach of a storm") by weaving the dialogue into a continuous symphonic movement, the result would inevitably have reminded us of the Walkürenritt. And so on throughout the opera; for the scenes open to most effective treatment seem to have been modelled by Mr. Bennett on popular scenes from other operas. But it must not be forgotten that the subject is crowded with difficulties that stand in the way of effective originality; and if the directors of the Carl Rosa Company, sitting in solemn conclave, decided that "Jeannie Deans" would give Mr. MacCunn's genius its fullest scope, I cannot decently flay the librettist for that odd decision.

The subject, then, is an unfortunate one: the principal characters are bores; the verse, though of the highest order, makes one inclined to laugh at the solemn moments; and it remains now to consider the music, to observe the heights Mr. MacCunn has reached when circumstances were favourable, and how far he has stood out against circumstances when they were unfavourable. "Jeannie Deans," then, is in the best sense of the word a young man's work. It has a young man's best qualities—freshness, incessant vivacity, generous feeling, and a delicate sense of beauty; and if it shows lack of sustained power, and a certain scrappiness of treatment, besides want of sharpness and definiteness in characterization, these, after all, are only a young man's faults. But we must be careful not to imitate the fatal mistake of Mr. Ruskin and the rest of the old school of art critics who set down the absence of elaborately drawn detail in impressionist paintings as indications of the want of power to draw in the impressionist artists. This scrappiness of Mr. MacCunn may be, and undoubtedly is, sometimes merely a failure to get effects in the accustomed way, but it is oftener the result of a deliberate intention of getting an effect in a way that is unaccustomed. Mr. MacCunn is not, like Wagner or like Mozart, a musical dramatist; he is a landscape painter, and an impressionist at that. It is not his object to trace the continuous development of character or the workings of human passion through three acts of incident to the final catastrophe: he sets out merely to paint a series of pictures to illustrate a story, and he seeks to depict them in true impressionist fashion, by the fewest possible and the vividest possible strokes, touching only salient features, and letting detail and accessories go. Now, with Mr. MacCunn's apparently inexhaustible flow of strikingly picturesque phrases this method might answer as admirably in a series of instrumental pieces illustrative of some tale—say in the incidental music to a drama—as it answers for his overtures; but whether it works out quite so happily in opera is another question, especially when the opera is "Jeannie Deans." Wagner and Weber were also pictorial musicians, but they superimposed their pictures, so to speak, on a stream of music that swept the action along: each picture grows naturally, inevitably, out of the drama, and gives way to a fresh one when it has served its purpose by helping the development forward a stage: the pictures seem to be there to strengthen the course of the drama, and one cannot even think of the drama as existing for the sake of the pictures. In Mr. MacCunn's case the contrary is true; and as the pictures in "Jeannie Deans" do not increase logically in intensity of interest as they pass before us, we are bound to feel the whole opera to be somewhat scrappy, loose, incoherent, in structure. Then in addition to this defect, inherent in Mr. MacCunn's method, there are other shortcomings, accidental rather than inherent. For example, the prisoners' chorus in the second act

starts away with an orchestral figure which might surely have developed into something powerful; but suddenly Mr. MacCunn appears to tire of it, and he throws it aside without so much as considering its possibilities. Similarly far too little is made of that tender patch in the love music: it is not so much an impressionist sketch as the contents of a tube of colour squirted in one's face. In short, the proportions, the relative masses of colour, often seem a little wrong. But with this my grumbling ends, and, accepting "Jeannie Deans" as a series of tableaux, I gladly point to such exquisite songs as Effie's in the prison, with its marvellously accurate imaginative passage at "the salt wind bloweth from the sea," and the divine cadence, a cadence so unobtrusive in its perfect loveliness that it may easily be overlooked. The cradle song which follows soon after is perhaps Mr. MacCunn's highest achievement, for it depends for its effect neither on luscious harmony nor on sweet instrumentation, but entirely on fidelity of phrase. There are passages in the opera which indicate that Mr. MacCunn was dominated by an emotion when he wrote them, rather than really express and communicate that emotion, and these passages are not always vocally written—for Mr. MacCunn, like most pictorial musicians, is inclined to think of instruments in preference to the human voice; but in the lyrics I have mentioned he is absolutely sincere, truthful, and genuinely vocal, and therefore expressive, communicative. The same is true of Madge Wildfire's song, "There is a tree," and some others, such as Deans's lucid interval towards the end of the first act. Further, there is scarcely a passage throughout the opera that does not set you thinking and dreaming of the open air, of the loch and the mountain side, of the dark heather beneath and the wide bright sky above. In the settings of some of Mr. Bennett's noblest lines one may be exasperated by the long-drawn ineffectiveness and tedium of the thing; and the humour of Dumbiedykes is as joy-killing as the law-court pomposity of the constable; but even at his worst Mr. MacCunn is picturesque and vivacious. The opening of the scene before Dumbiedykes' house is pretty, and the scene in Richmond Park rather more than pretty; while the Mushat's Cairn episode, if it does not rise to actual grandeur, is at any rate wild and weird. I cannot think that "Jeannie Deans" will rank with the smallest of the great operas, and it seems probable to me that in later years Mr. MacCunn will regard it as a youthful experiment; but for the present it serves to show that the composer is the Englishman of the greatest invention and the truest musical temperament whose work is at all known to the public. On the strength of it I would place Mr. MacCunn, if I had to place him at all, anywhere between Beethoven on the one hand, and, say, John Smith, Mus. Bac., on the other. He will be well advised to cut Mr. Bennett's noble verse and order a libretto from a smaller man. Why not try Mr. Graves—not *the* Mr. Graves, but—the musical critic who, having no literary style of his own, is reputed to be a fair mimic of other critics' styles?

Of the humdrum performance there is little either of praise or blame to be said. The one really good impersonation is Miss Edith Miller's Madge Wildfire.

J. F. R.

#### DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY!

"The Colleen Bawn; or, the Brides of Garryowen."  
Dion Boucicault's Great Drama (*sic*), in three acts.  
Princess's Theatre, 25 January, 1896.

I HAVE lived to see "The Colleen Bawn" with real water in it; and perhaps I shall live to see it some day with real Irishmen in it, though I doubt if that will heighten its popularity much. The real water lacks the translucent cleanliness of the original article, and destroys the illusion of Eily's drowning and Myles na Coppaleen's header to a quite amazing degree; but the spectacle of the two performers taking a call before the curtain, sopping wet, and bowing with a miserable enjoyment of the applause, is one which I shall remember with a chuckle whilst life remains.

When I imply, as above, that the Irishmen in "The Colleen Bawn" are not real Irishmen, I do not mean for a moment to challenge the authenticity of Mr. Richard

Purdon, who succeeds Dion Boucicault as Myles. Nor do I even accuse him of demonstrating the undeniable fact that the worst stage Irishmen are often real Irishmen. What I mean is that Dion Boucicault, when he invented Myles, was not holding the mirror up to nature, but blarneying the British public precisely as the Irish car-driver, when he is "cute" enough, blarneys the English tourist. To an Irishman who has any sort of social conscience, the conception of Ireland as a romantic picture, in which the background is formed by the Lakes of Killarney by moonlight, and a round tower or so, whilst every male figure is "a broth of a bhoy," and every female one a colleen in a crimson Connemara cloak, is as exasperating as the conception of Italy as a huge garden and art museum, inhabited by picturesque artists' models, is to a sensible Italian. The Kerry peasant is no more a Myles na Coppaleen (his real name is Smith, or, at most, Ryan) than the real Wiltshire peasant is a Mark Tapley; and as for Eily, Dolly Varden as a typical English tradesman's daughter is a masterpiece of realism in comparison. The occupation of the Irish peasant is mainly agricultural; and I advise the reader to make it a fixed rule never to allow himself to believe in the alleged Arcadian virtues of the half-starved drudges who are sacrificed to the degrading, brutalizing, and, as far as I can ascertain, entirely unnecessary pursuit of unscientific farming. The virtues of the Irish peasant are the intense melancholy, the surliness of manner, the incapacity for happiness and self-respect that are the tokens of his natural unfitness for a life of wretchedness. His vices are the arts by which he accommodates himself to his slavery—the flattery on his lips which hides the curse in his heart; his pleasant readiness to settle disputes by "leaving it all to your honour," in order to make something out of your generosity in addition to exacting the utmost of his legal due from you; his instinctive perception that by pleasing you he can make you serve him; his mendacity and mendacity; his love of a stolen advantage; the superstitious fear of his priest and his Church which does not prevent him from trying to cheat both in the temporal transactions between them; and the parasitism which makes him, in domestic service, that occasionally convenient but on the whole demoralizing human barnacle, the irremovable old retainer of the family. Of all the tricks which the Irish nation have played on the slow-witted Saxon, the most outrageous is the palming off on him of the imaginary Irishman of romance. The worst of it is, that when a spurious type gets into literature, it strikes the imaginations of boys and girls. They form themselves by playing up to it; and thus the unsubstantial fancies of the novelists and music-hall song-writers of one generation are apt to become the unpleasant and mischievous realities of the next. The obsolete patriotic Englishman of to-day is a most pestilent invention of this sort; and ever since the formation of the German Empire, the German has been dramatized with such success that even the Emperor spends most of his time in working up the character. Ireland, always foremost in the drama, may claim the credit of having invented the Irishman out of nothing—invented him without the stimulus of empire, national independence, knowledge of her own history, united population, common religion, or two penn'orth of prestige of any sort, her very rebellions having only attained eminence by giving the national genius for treachery an opportunity of surpassing all recorded achievements in that important department of revolutionary politics. Fortunately the same talent that enabled Ireland to lead the way in inventing and dramatizing national types now keeps her to the front in the more salutary work of picking them to pieces, a process which appeals to her barbarous humour on the one hand, and on the other to her keen common sense and intelligent appreciation of reality. Of course it sacrifices the advantages which the imposture secured, as I have good reason to feel; for nobody can be better aware than I am of the convenience to an Irishman in England of being able, by an occasional cunning flourish of his nationality, to secure all the privileges of a harmless lunatic without forfeiting the position of a responsible member of society. But there is a point at which shams become so deadly tiresome that they produce ungovernable nausea, and are rejected at all risks.



There are signs that Ireland, never very tolerant of the stage Irishman within her own coasts, is disaffected to him even in the literature by which her scribes habitually impose on England and America. Quite lately a London publisher, Mr. Arnold, sent me a novel with the suggestive title of "Misther O'Ryan," who turned out to be the traditional blend of Myles na Coppaleen, Robert Emmett, Daniel O'Connell, Thomas Moore, Fin McCoul, and Brian Boru, as compounded and impersonated by a vulgar rascal—an Irish Silas Wegg—whose blackguardism and irremediable worthlessness the writer, evidently that very rare literary bird, an Irish author living in Ireland, had sketched with a vengeful zest that was highly refreshing and, I should say, very wholesome just at present. Take any of the pictures Balzac or Maupassant have painted for us of the spiritual squalor of the routine of poor middle-class life, in which the education, the income, the culture of the family are three-quarters abject pretence; and you will not find it more depressing and even appalling than those which break through the usually imaginative atmosphere of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's reviews when the book in hand happens to touch Irish life. I showed my own appreciation of my native land in the usual Irish way by getting out of it as soon as I possibly could; and I cannot say that I have the smallest intention of settling there again as long as the superior attractions of St. Helena (not to mention London) are equally available; but since I cannot disguise from myself the helpless dependence of the British Empire on us for vital elements of talent and character (without us the English race would simply die of respectability within two generations), I am quite ready to help the saving work of reducing the sham Ireland of romance to a heap of unsightly ruins. When this is done, my countrymen can consider the relative merits of building something real in the old country, or taking a hint from that other clever people, the Jews, and abandoning their Palestine to put on all the rest of the world as a shepherd putteth on his garment, beginning with English journalism and American politics as a convenient intermediary stage to soften the transition from their present habits.

These considerations, though they bear more or less on the performance at the Princess's, are not absolutely indispensable to a reasonable enjoyment of it. I have always had a special respect for Mr. Richard Purdon because his father was Lord Mayor of Dublin when I was an impressionable boy; and I am, therefore, probably apt to overrate his talent as a comedian. Still, I can see that his Myles is not the inimitable Myles of Dion Boucicault. It is a case of the words of Mercury being harsh after the songs of Apollo. Boucicault had a charming brogue: not even the speech of the eminent journalist and M.P. named in a former paragraph of this article is more musical in sound or irresistible in insinuation—"sloothering" would be the right word, were it current here—than his. But Mr. Purdon unhappily did not learn to speak in Galway or Kerry. He bewrays the respectable Dublin citizen, whose knowledge of the brogue is derived from domestic servants drawn chiefly from the neighbouring counties, and corrupted by the tongue of Dublin itself, which, like all crowded capitals, somehow evolves a peculiarly villainous accent of its own. With such opportunities Mr. Purdon, having a strong sense of fun, and being a born mimic, has no difficulty in producing a brogue; but it is not a pretty one. Further, his voice, a little coarsened, perhaps, by many years' vigorous exploitation in the interests of the aforesaid sense of fun, which seems unchastened by any very vigilant sense of beauty, is rougher than that of the late author. He has to omit the song in which Boucicault effortlessly persuaded us to accept the statement that "old Ireland was his country, and his name it was Molloy," as a complete and satisfying *apologia pro sua vita*. And the attempt to humbug Father Tom is an obvious and blundering evasion instead of what it used to be—an artless outpouring of the innocence of a poor lad who had not the wit to understand what the priest was asking, much less tell a lie to his reverence. Boucicault was a coaxing, blandandhering sort of liar, to whom you could listen without impatience long enough to allow the carpenters time to set the most elaborate

water-scene behind the front cloth. Mr. Purdon is just half a trifle too grating and boisterous, though of course the generation which does not recollect Boucicault hardly feels this. On the other hand, Miss Beaumont Collins is a much better Eily than Mrs. Boucicault, who now plays Mrs. Cregan, used to be. Mrs. Boucicault was always hopelessly ladylike, and usually made Hardress Cregan's complaints of her rusticity ridiculous by being more refined than he. Miss Collins speaks the part, which is really an engaging and almost poetic one, very prettily, and is always right about the feeling of it. Mr. Cockburn does nothing with Father Tom; but as the character happens to suit his personality, his performance passes, and is even highly praised. Mr. Tom Terriss does capitally for Hardress, besides being in earnest about his work, and so sustaining the reputation of his name. Miss Agnes Hewitt does all that can be done with the part of Anne Chute, an Irish edition of Lady Gay Spanker, and therefore one of the dreariest of Boucicault's pet vulgarities. Miss Clifton as Shelah, and Messrs. Kenney and Rochelle as Corrigan and Danny Mann, were fully equal to the occasion, though Danny did not show any of Charles II.'s sense of the tediousness of a prolonged death agony. Mrs. Boucicault's competence in the stagey work to which Mrs. Cregan is condemned goes without saying. The play, as a whole, in spite of an obsolete passage or two, and of the stupid mutilations imposed by the censorship of its day, is so far superior to the average modern melodrama, that I shall not be surprised if it repays the management handsomely for reviving it.

I regret to say that the patrons of the gallery at the Princess's, being admitted at half the usual West End price, devote the saving to the purchase of sausages to throw at the critics. I appeal to the gentleman or lady who successfully aimed one at me to throw a cabbage next time, as I am a vegetarian, and sausages are wasted on me.

I see that Mr. Charles Hudson, the Tigellinus of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross," has written a long letter in defence of that play against the adverse opinion of an eminent colleague of mine. I hope that his example will be followed. Not only ought actors to write occasionally, so as to show the critics their ideas of dramatic criticism; but the critics ought to act from time to time, so as to show the actors their notions of acting. If Mr. Hudson perseveres for a few years he will make a fair average critic. At present he is hardly abreast of the times. He tries, for instance, to catch the fashionable tone by speaking of Ibsen's dramas as unclean and indecent. That is quite out of date now: it belongs to the period when Mr. Hudson was distinguishing himself by creating the part of Ulrik Brendel, in "Rosmersholm." One has to be careful about these little things at first; but the trick of them soon comes. Go on, Mr. Hudson: go on improving us, even chastening us: we are always willing to be instructed.

"Michael and his Lost Angel," the best play its school has given to the theatre, has been withdrawn. And Mr. Forbes Robertson has improved the occasion at the Playgoers' Club. After eloquently paraphrasing an interesting circular recently issued by Miss Dorothy Leighton, of the Independent Theatre Society, he goes on to say: "I would ask dramatic authors to continually remind themselves that a play is not finished, not complete, when the last word is written at the desk. A play must have an audience, must be acted, or it is no play." How true! There can be no doubt that Mr. Forbes Robertson is right; that the three things necessary are the play, the audience, and the acting. At the Lyceum Mr. Jones supplied the play; and the public eagerly supplied the audience. There was something missing; but why ask the dramatic author about it, since the deficiency did not occur in his department? G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY was very abundant throughout the week,  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. being the rate for day-to-day loans and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for short periods. The discount market was very quiet; the rate for three and four months'

bills was 1 per cent. ; for six months' it varied between 1 and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent. The Stock Exchange Settlement was a very easy one, and the demand for money was so small that it was almost unobtainable. There was a sharp rise in many departments during the week, but it went too fast, with the result that the markets were quieter on Thursday—a not altogether undesirable result. Consols touched  $108\frac{1}{2}$  on Wednesday, and stood on Thursday between  $107\frac{1}{2}$  and 108. Colonial loans were inclined to be firm.

Home Railways have been strong throughout the week, and there has been a general advance in prices. North-Western, North-Eastern, and Great Eastern in particular have shown a notable improvement. The traffic returns were excellent. "Yankees" were also inclined to be strong and showed a general improvement of 1 to 3 points on last Saturday. "South Americans" were better all round. The Argentine traffic returns were satisfactory, and the gold premium has fallen to 220 per cent. Chili has, after all, entrusted the placing of the Treasury bills to the Rothschilds, with the result that the issue was a success. The credit of Chili is certainly good, although not so good as before the last revolution; and, if the buyers of the above-mentioned bills are satisfied that  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or even  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest covers "possible war risks" during the next twelve months, it must be allowed that they are easily contented.

The Foreign Market was firm in the early part of the week, but was neglected later on owing to the monthly liquidation in Paris, which begins to-day (Friday). Italian Stocks are still depressed by the uncertainty with respect to Abyssinia. As for Spain, it appears that the Cuban insurrection has already involved her in an expenditure of about £12,000,000, and the floating debt now amounts to about £16,800,000. If the extensive damage to the railways and other property in Cuba be taken into account, it looks as if Spain will have heavy claims to meet. Spanish Four per Cents. have been steadier since the appointment of General Weyler, there being apparently a tendency to discount his expected victories.

After the conversion in Berlin of the Five per Cent. Russian Loan of 1866, there will be no other Five per Cent. Loan left but the remnant of the old Five per Cent. Loan brought out by the Rothschilds in 1822, which is not convertible and is quoted between 130 and 135. The attempts of the Russian Government to buy it up have not succeeded for want of sellers. The Budget statement for 1896 reads more like a ponderous pamphlet for the edification of European investors than like a Report addressed to the Tsar. The estimates of M. de Witte show a surplus of about £840,000, which, however, is more than swallowed up by extra expenditure. Nevertheless, the great improvement in Russian finances (which M. de Witte attributes to the development of the protection system) is undeniable. When we recall the wretched bungling methods of the former Minister, M. de Bunge, we cannot help admiring the skill of his successors, the late M. Vishnegradsky and the present Minister, M. de Witte, in extracting gold from Berlin and Paris for the Russian Treasury, and restoring the foundations of Russian credit.

There was very little to carry over in South African shares; transactions were few, and chiefly of a professional character. So long as the present unsettled state of things in the Transvaal lasts business cannot possibly improve, whilst, at the same time, all kinds of mendacious reports are daily circulated with the object of influencing the market. What is needed for a revival of confidence in the market is the speedy trial, and, we hope, the liberation of the leading men of Johannesburg by the Boers. There was a considerable rise in Rio Tinto shares in connexion with the improvement and expected further advance in the price of copper. Silver remains at about  $30\frac{1}{2}$ d. As the principal galleries of one of the biggest mines, the "Huanchaca" in Chili, are flooded and not likely to be reopened before July next, the production of silver must now be so much less than it was a year ago, and this is no doubt the true reason

of the steadiness of the market. By the way, the 100 fr. shares of the Huanchaca mine, which at one time were quoted at over 200 fr., are now quoted in Paris at only about 67 fr.

We are informed that the Directors of the Herbert Gold, Limited, the prospectus of which Company was criticized in our issue of 18 January, have at last proceeded to allotment. We had hoped that the manifest imperfections of the undertaking, as evidenced in the prospectus, and commented upon in these columns, were sufficient to have deterred the investing public from applying for a sufficient number of its shares.

We understand that Messrs. H. Halford & Co., the outside brokers, are still energetically engaged in endeavouring to sell the shares of companies promoted by Messrs. George Ross & Co. This is a little singular in view of the positive assurances we received at the time our "Hetty Gold Mine" articles appeared that there was absolutely no connexion between the two firms mentioned.

Strenuous endeavours are being made to induce investors to purchase shares in the Humber Cycle and Simpson Lever Chain Companies. We do not consider that the shares of either Company named are a good, or even a safe, investment.

#### NEW ISSUES.

##### ANGLO-WESTRALIAN AND GENERAL EXPLORATION, LIMITED

We referred to this "no prospectus" concern in our last issue. We have since been favoured with a copy of a puffing circular letter, which, we understand, was issued in connexion with this Company. The only portion of this document which, for the moment, concerns us, is the statement that the £1 shares of the Anglo-Westralian and General Exploration, Limited, "stand at about £3 10s. in the market, and . . . seem sure to rise to much higher figures in the near future." If language such as this does not convey to the minds of investors a sufficient warning in regard to the objects which the promoters of companies of this character have in view, we do not know what will. When we consider that this is a Company only recently formed, and that the "notice" which last week heralded its advent actually stated that the property which it had been formed to acquire had not then been taken over, it is worse than ridiculous to suggest that the shares could have attained a bona-fide market quotation of £3 10s. It must be remembered, too, that this is a Company which was promoted in the most absolute secrecy, and about which practically nothing is known. What surprises us, however, more than anything else in connexion with this undertaking is the fact that the gentlemen who appeared as brokers to this concern upon the "notice" to which we have referred are members of the Stock Exchange. The firm in question is that of Messrs. Erlam-Booth & Preston, of 4 Copthall Chambers, E.C. We are not only astonished that members of the Stock Exchange should associate themselves with company-promotions of this description, but that the Committee of the Stock Exchange should permit them to do so. Apart from its otherwise curious features, has this Anglo-Westralian and General Exploration, Limited, complied with the most ordinary, or initial, rules of the Stock Exchange?

##### DIMBULA VALLEY (CEYLON) TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.

If there is anything to be urged in favour of the Dimbula Valley (Ceylon) Tea Company, Limited, it is the circumstance that the now too-usual, and objectionable, "waiver" clause finds no place in its prospectus; and we note, too, that particulars of the contracts which have been entered into appear to be fully set forth. It is impossible, however, for us to express a favourable opinion in regard to the general prospects of this Company. The Company, having a capital of £200,000, has been formed to acquire six Tea Estates situated in Ceylon. Four of these estates, valued at £93,500, belong to a Mr. James Sinclair, who is the Chairman of this Company, and he is, apparently, to receive payment



for them principally in cash. The total amount to be paid for the six estates (and the greater part in cash) is £145,200. The present issue of capital being £150,000, this leaves but £4,800 cash in hand, or working capital, or whatever it is, for the Company. The prospectus states that this sum of £4,800 is for "the general purposes of the Company"; but when we find further on that, quite contrary to the usual practice, this unfortunate Company has to pay "the legal expenses, brokerage, and expenses attending the issue of the prospectus and allotment," we feel a little in doubt as to the amount of the balance that will eventually be available for those "general purposes." The prospectus contains a number of general and indefinite statements as to the present condition of the tea industry, and the prospective value of the estates to be acquired. We cannot fail to notice, however, the absence of any expert opinion in regard to the property to be taken over. We merely find it "estimated" that, if the estates produce a certain amount of tea, the Company will derive therefrom a certain amount of revenue, &c. &c. Such prophetic ambiguities fail to convince us. We are inclined to think that there is too much of the "vendor" element upon the board of directors of this Company, too much cash to be paid for the properties to be acquired, and too little cash provided to carry on whatever business the Company will get.

#### BOROUGH OF HASTINGS LOAN

It appears that Hastings is to have a harbour; but it is by no means clear that, when Hastings is glorified in this respect, the harbour will fully realize the high ambitions of the "borrowing" prospectus which propounds the scheme. We seem to perceive the hand of the company-promoter in this prospectus of the Borough of Hastings Harbour Loan; but it is just possible that we are mistaken; it may be only Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, & Co. (who, we observe, have contracted to construct and complete the harbour) who have lent a friendly hand in regard to preparing the prospectus. It is a singular fact that the clause relating to this contract was not included in the prospectus originally issued, a copy of which we have before us; nor did it appear in the first advertisements of the prospectus which were inserted in the daily papers. It seems to have been quite an afterthought upon the part of somebody, who wisely came to the conclusion that the omission of all mention of an important contract which involved the payment of a trifle of £145,000 was a rather serious omission. We are disposed to think that persons who tendered for the Harbour bonds upon the strength of the original prospectus, or the prospectus first advertised, will have ample grounds for cancelling their applications. We do not think there is much more to be said about this project. Experience has shown that harbours are expensive luxuries, and that they engulf vast sums of money, very little of which they give back again. But it is not for us to deny the civic dignitaries of Hastings their £200,000 if the investing public are disposed to provide that amount of money.

#### THE "BAMBOO QUEEN" AND "REWARD" MINES, LIMITED.

We have received the prospectus of the "Bamboo Queen" and "Reward" Mines, Limited, too late to admit of detailed criticism in the present issue. We may say, however, that this is a Company in which we do not advise investment.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BERLIN, 14 January, 1896.

SIR,—It was only a few days ago that I read the letter of "The Two Amateurs of Oxford" (published in your issue of 30 November) on the barbarous way of cleaning the pictures in the Berlin Gallery. At the same time, I found an answer to the article by your Berlin correspondent in your next number. I accept

with many thanks your offer to me to write an answer to these critics.

It is, no doubt, a great mistake, as you say, to think that the Berlin Gallery is "the largest and most persistent buyer in Europe." No one who knows the budget of the Berlin Gallery as well as that of the National Gallery, and, on the other hand, the extraordinary means at the disposal of each of these two Galleries the last twenty years, can help smiling at such a pretension.

To the remark of "The Two Oxford Amateurs" that "it must be admitted" that the pictures have almost all been cleaned so much as to be partially effaced, and that it was even lately that this happened, I can only reply that this can *not* be admitted. The pictures mentioned as examples by the two gentlemen are a few Italian pictures: Botticelli's large "Madonna with Angels" (N. 106); the beautiful altar-piece by the same artist, representing the Madonna between the two St. Johns (N. 102), so much admired for its deep luminous tint; and the large altar-piece by Francesco Francia, which they pronounce to be very much damaged by having been cleaned and restored, have not been touched for many years, probably not since the Gallery exists. The portrait of Gisze by Holbein, also mentioned amongst the so-called restored pictures, had been removed for some weeks, because an engraving of it had to be finished, *not* because it was being restored. Titian's "Portrait of himself," however, mentioned by the "Two Amateurs" as "magnificent and unrestored," was, on the contrary, thoroughly restored some years ago. In all the rooms of the Early Italian masters, which the "Two Amateurs" seem to take a special interest in, scarcely a dozen pictures have been restored, as far as I can remember, and that is more than twenty-five years. These pictures especially (a few excepted, much damaged by old restorations), are so well restored, that, like Titian's "Portrait of himself," they would be considered to be "beautifully preserved" by the "Two Amateurs." The "restorer" of our Gallery, Mr. A. Hauser, has such a widespread reputation in England, that we should not have expected an attack against him from this side. Otherwise amateurs, such as the Duke of Westminster or George Salting, would certainly not trust him with the restoration of their best pictures.

In the well-meant reply to these remarks of the Oxford gentlemen, your Berlin correspondent is mistaken about the English origin of a great many excellent pictures in our Gallery. The "Solly Collection," bought by King Frederick William III. in 1821, containing a large number of old Italian pictures, as well as a good many other remarkable ones, was collected in Berlin, and only very few pictures of this collection came from England. The proprietor, Mr. Edward Solly, though born in England, lived in Berlin as a banker to the King. He bought his pictures in Germany, Belgium, and particularly in Italy. Amongst all the Italian pictures in the Berlin Gallery—the latest acquisitions included—there are only three or four important ones that were bought in England. The number of the really important pictures of other schools bought in England would scarcely be much greater.—I am, yours sincerely,

W. BODE,

Director of the Royal Gallery, Berlin.

#### I. C. S. OPEN COMPETITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As I am again venturing to approach you on the subject of Examinations, I would begin by endeavouring to propitiate the plume-tossing Mr. Wren. I am still smarting under the simile about the cuttlefish. A disputant supplied with such an armoury of shining weapons, as new as they are keen—*νεκροφῆς* would be the Greek expression—strikes terror into the heart of an adversary. He might hurl at me this time the bolt from the blue or the thin end of the wedge, or he might even prove something against me up to the hilt. Where should I be then? Having premised, therefore, that Mr. Wren and his London *officina* comprise within them what little perfection is left on this distracted globe, that Mr. Wren has made all past success problematical

and all future impossible, that I would rather have taken Quebec or written the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—no, my rhetoric is going astray. I would rather say, when I think of Mr. Wren, What is man that I am mindful of him, or the son of man that I consider him? With this invocation, a kind of *δῆμος ἴμνος*, I venture to approach my subject.

The open competition for the Indian Civil Service puts it in the power of every British subject to attain a prize which is the greatest ever offered to the successful competitor in an examination. It is very important for middle-class parents who happen to have fairly clever sons that this splendid prize should be awarded to those who have deserved it best, and it is very important for the State that it should be conferred on those who will best discharge the functions which they will be called upon to undertake. These are mainly administrative. They demand a ready man who is prepared at a moment's notice to focus his intelligence on a given subject. If examinations can do anything, they can test this readiness and agility of intellect. But it is by *viva voce* examination. At the Hertford or the Ireland such a form of examination would be quite inappropriate. A with perfect scholarship might be surpassed by B with greater *aplomb* and presence of mind. But when we are giving away magnificent prizes by examination—prizes such as no other nation offers—should we not recognize the fact that the examinations should be quite different from the examination for the Ireland and the Hertford? There you seek to find out the future Fellow, Lecturer, Editor. In the I.C.S. competition you desire to discover the most capable administrator. On the whole I believe that a boy who succeeds in translating a passage from Sophocles where another has failed is the fitter of the two for the appointment. But how much more undeniably has the youth shown his fitness who, confronted with two or three examiners *viva voce*, has succeeded in impressing them with a sense of his ability in putting all his goods in the shop window (the highest intelligence, as a rule, that a public servant can show), or (an even greater feat) in concealing that vast tract of ignorance which lies between man and man, and of which only the stupidest deny the existence.

Having dared to say that *viva voce* examination is the one weapon that lay readiest to the hand of the Civil Service examiners, and having expressed my regret that they have thrown it away like the brand of Ajax to be kept in the infernal regions by Night and Hades, by which I understand merely examining Universities, I now offer one other suggestion: Why is versification in Greek and Latin an optional subject? It should be compulsory for every candidate who offers himself for examination in Latin or Greek. The cry against Greek and Latin verse is the cry of the incompetent. The man who travels in Sophocles like a commercial traveller but could not, to save his soul, or, what is more important to him, his salary, distinguish between a verse of Euripides and one of Æschylus, keeps his salary because his paymasters do not know that there is any difference, and because they think that any one who says he sees a difference in style between Euripides and Æschylus must be an impostor. What we ought to know, says that very ignorant person "Tis," is the world we live in; which, it seems, includes the ground upon which we tread, but excludes the soul of Æschylus and of Shakspeare. It would be tedious to plead the case for verse composition here. Let it be enough to say that to write Greek or Latin verses does not demand the poetic spirit, inasmuch as the poetic thoughts are supplied in the passage to be translated, and the problem for the examinee is to put those thoughts in the form in which a Greek poet would have put them. Of course the boy with a poetic taste—that is, the boy who naturally resorts to Keats and Coleridge rather than to "Tit-Bits" and "The Family Herald"—will have an advantage. And should he not? That is the very boy whom we want, the boy who at least has an ambition to imitate the great writers who have (or ought to have) fired his mind. There should be no alternative. If a boy has not sufficiently admired Virgil or Sophocles to try to imitate him, let him suffer from his lack of that aspiring blood. If he is hopelessly unintelligent, let him take to the physical sciences.

But it is ridiculous to allow him to redeem his want of sympathy with classics by showing a sort of knowledge of one of the poorest of the physical sciences—I mean comparative philology. In mathematics there is a course for those who tread the humbler paths of science, and another for those whose aptitudes enable them to go higher. Let there be elementary classics and higher classics; and let the latter course include verse composition. In Greek, verse is almost a different language from prose; and why should a youth be deprived of the advantage of showing that he has entered into the spirit of Sophocles as he has entered into the spirit of Thucydides?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

#### MUNICIPALIZATION v. NATIONALIZATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR Sir,—I have read with much interest your article under this heading, and fully appreciate the force with which it presents some of the points in conflict between centralization and local autonomy. But by coupling Mr. Albert Shaw's book, "Municipal Government in Great Britain," with my own "Municipalities at Work," your reviewer has probably done some injustice to both. Certainly, he has credited me with statements and opinions for which Mr. Shaw alone is responsible. For instance:—

"Messrs. Dolman and Shaw instance Liverpool's control of docks, Bradford's control of water . . . as examples of municipal enterprise which London might well follow."

In point of fact, I purposely refrained from discussing the share which the Liverpool Corporation has had in the management of the Liverpool docks. I say the *share*; for, although your reviewer does not seem to be aware of it, the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board now consists chiefly of the representatives of those (in all parts of the country) who have to pay dock dues, there being also four nominees of the Government.

As regards the general question of the danger of municipalization to national interests, has not your reviewer overlooked the fact that all such important projects as the bringing of Manchester's water from Thirlmere have first to receive the sanction of the representatives of the nation in Parliament assembled?—Yours very truly,

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

London: 6 January, 1895.

[Mr. Dolman is ingenious in trying to evade the real meaning of our criticism. We said that:—"Messrs. Dolman and Shaw instance Liverpool's control of docks, Bradford's control of water, Birmingham's control of gas, and Glasgow's control of tramways as successful examples of municipal enterprise which London might well follow." This sentence is perfectly accurate, as one or other of them instance all these undertakings as successful municipal enterprises. Our readers might suppose from Mr. Dolman's letter that he had carefully distinguished the true limits between municipalization and nationalization. His book does nothing of the kind; it was, indeed, from his book that we cited the remarkably futile statement as to the advantages of the Manchester Ship Canal. Mr. Dolman does not, however, seem to us perfectly straightforward when he says that the Liverpool Docks are controlled by a Board, "which consists chiefly of the representatives of those who have to pay dock dues." He forgets to mention the close relation between the Corporation and the Board. He further shuffles out of the question of national as distinguished from municipal management when he talks of municipal schemes having "to receive the sanction of the representatives of the nation in Parliament assembled." Practically any charter receives the tacit sanction of these representatives, but this does not save the nation from the bitter experience of learning that Parliamentary sanction is not synonymous with effective national management. Uganda and Rhodesia have taught us that lesson. However, we are glad to learn that Mr. Dolman does not approve the London Progressive Platform, and accordingly the London Radical Union will have a reason—not perhaps ours—for preferring Mr. Shaw's "Municipal Government" to Mr. Dolman's "Municipalities at Work."—Ed. S. R.]



## REVIEWS.

## IN HAUNTS OF WILD GAME.

"In Haunts of Wild Game." By Frederick Vaughan Kirby, F.Z.S. With numerous Illustrations by C. Whymper and a Map. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

MR. KIRBY'S game preserve, the Kahlomba-Libombo hunting-veldt, is merely a strip of land in the Eastern Transvaal, a region some seventy miles wide, which lies between the lofty Kahlomba and the insignificant Libombo range. This game preserve consists of krantz and kloof and bush-veldt country, and is splendidly watered throughout. The variety and amount of the game will be a surprise to most readers, and it is well if Mr. Kirby's book does not send an invasion of "gunners," as distinguished from sportsmen, to thin out the numerous wild animals to be found there. For the region lies not one hundred miles from Delagoa Bay, and close to a centre like Barberton, one sees on Mr. Kirby's excellent map such attractive information mingled with the names of stream and hill as "Lions very numerous," "Black Rhino," "Giraffe," and so on.

Mr. Kirby had companions in his shooting expeditions, which began with a stay at the kraal of a Swazi *Induna* in 1884. He acknowledges his obligations to the Swazi "boys," and especially to Muntumuni and to two brave native hunters, May and Stuurman, who died of smallpox in the Nyassa country. Nor does he forget his big hunting horse "Moscow," whose pluck in facing dangerous game, and bottom in following giraffe or antelope, made him invaluable. His powerful hound "Rover" deservedly comes in for his share of credit in many a dangerous tussle with big game. A dog that would bring a wounded lion to bay, and was not afraid to tackle by himself a leopard or a wild boar, must indeed have been a treasure.

The book is divided into two parts, "Krantz and Kloof" and "The Bush-veldt," which are again subdivided into chapters dealing each chiefly, though not solely, with the pursuit of one kind of game. The two principal divisions are prefaced by an admirable general introduction to the hunting-veldt with which Mr. Kirby's book deals. The scenery, the flora, the vegetation, the distribution of the game are lucidly described. And it will certainly be news to sportsmen in this country that at a point so near to Barberton as the Matamiri bush, on the Sabi river, the rhinoceros was seen by the author as late as 1895; as will also the fact that elephants still exist in the thick bush on the Libombo slopes. In the Low Country are also to be found buffalo and hippopotami, while the giraffe, ostrich, and zebra are still plentiful, and lions are numerous everywhere in the neighbourhood of the rivers. The first part of the book records Mr. Kirby's experiences in the pursuit of game in the hills and foothills, the second the pursuit of the larger fauna of the "bush-veldt," "hunting-veldt," or Low Country, as it is variously termed. The appendices contain a full and accurate account of the fauna of the Kahlomba-Libombo hunting-veldt; to which are added some useful practical notes on the formation and pronunciation of native words in the Swazi language—the language understood, if not spoken, throughout the district described. The book is, in fact, not only a very full and vivid account of a thorough sportsman's adventures with African wild game, but also a complete guide to the district in question; while the chapter on the choice of rifles is exhaustive, and eminently fair and practical. His experience corroborates that of Sir Samuel Baker, that a big-bore rifle is superior to a small-bore for the biggest game, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo; although for the soft-skinned carnivora he has found the Gibbs-Metford thoroughly satisfactory. "A .461 Metford is perhaps as perfect a weapon for lion-shooting as one can desire." He has a modified belief in the hollow bullet, but would have very little hollow and a heavy butt.

And now we may turn from Mr. Kirby's technical pages and pages of information to the fascinating descriptions of sport which form the great mass of the volume.

Mr. Kirby is a sportsman as distinguished from a mere indiscriminate gunner, whose one object is to top the record of kills, and who shoots everything he meets, female as well as male, with absolute impartiality. Mr. Kirby, on the contrary, picked out his specimens, and found his enjoyment in the woodcraft necessary to bring them to bag, and in the desperate encounters with dangerous game, from which only courage and resource could bring him out a victor. In this liking for downright hand-to-hand fighting he reminds us of the greatest sportsman of our time, the late Sir Samuel Baker. What Sir Samuel really enjoyed was a tussle with wild beasts in which his great strength and courage, as well as his skill, were tried to the uttermost. Thus he hunted wild-boar with dogs, and ran in on them at bay, and killed them with the great hunting-knife still to be seen at Sandford Orleigh. Thus he delighted in trying feats like that of the decapitation of a charging young rhinoceros with an Arab sword, a feat which to any one else but himself would have been impossible. Something of the old adventurous Berserk nature made him find in these duels unique satisfaction. Mr. Kirby emulates, of course at a very long distance, the achievements of the great hunter. Shooting pigs with the rifle seemed to him tame work, and assegai in hand he ran in on the tough old boars, when his dogs had brought them to bay, and invariably the boar, like the monster of Calydon, made a good fight, and died game. This killing of bush-pig with a stabbing assegai was the delight of the Swazi boys who were in Mr. Kirby's service or joined him for the chase, and their pluck was what one might expect from men of the Zulu race.

Mr. Kirby devotes many pages to the African hill leopard, of whose great daring he has a high opinion. Again and again he was charged by leopards, and finally a wounded leopardess caught him—his cartridges, loaded in the Transvaal, having missed fire—and mauled him severely. The situation as the leopardess advanced on him, and missfire followed missfire, is graphically described. Luckily he had an assegai in his hand, and this enabled him to make some defence. Cold water, carbolic oil, and a good constitution helped him; but it was near two months before he was about again.

In the "bush-veldt," or Low Country, the cream of the sport was with sable antelopes, giraffes, and, above all, with lions, to whom Mr. Kirby, regarding them as the kings of beasts, devotes five chapters. Among points that deserve notice is the frequency with which Mr. Kirby met antelopes or zebras severely wounded by lion or leopard, sufferers which it was certainly a mercy to put out of pain. One good thing about genuine sport is this—that the true sportsman never leaves the spoor of a wounded animal while there is any hope of killing it, and that the paralysing effect of a bullet must cause very slight pain compared to the tearing and rending of the flesh when a wild beast seizes its prey. And this leads us to one of Mr. Kirby's best characteristics—one in which he excels any living writer on sport with whom we are acquainted. He sympathizes with his quarry, he has imagination enough to put himself to some extent in the place of the hunted animals. And so, after an ecstasy of admiration for some fine sable antelope at the beginning of a run, he thus soliloquizes after a successful finish:—"Yes, the trophies are ours; but what a price we have paid for them! Did their owners deserve such a fate?" But the game has only to get on foot next day for our sportsman to forget his regrets and sympathy, and repeat the misdeed, with all the delight in sport of one of the plucky Swazi savages who followed him. So strangely does modern man hark back to ancestors who lived by the chase alone.

It is, however, when Mr. Kirby comes to the hunting of the giraffe that his conscience does really prick him deeply. "A very great difference of opinion exists," he tells us, "among sportsmen as to whether giraffe-hunting is a pursuit that can be indulged in with a clear conscience. . . . Certainly one can scarcely consider it an elevating form of sport—for it calls forth neither extreme courage nor extraordinary skill on the part of the hunter. Practically speaking, if he has a good horse which he can stick to and can hit a haystack there is not the slightest reason why he should not count his

slain giraffe by the score." Again, after some sophisms in excuse of giraffe-shooting, he adds, "It is certain that all the interest of the sport is centred in the run, for when once the giraffe is brought to a stand, nothing but honest pity can be felt for its beautiful stately helplessness"—"the only question is whether the feeling of pity for its resultant death does not outweigh the previous short-lived pleasure (*i.e.* of the gallop in pursuit)." After a desperate gallop, in which his good horse and himself were very nearly smashed on bad ground, he got up to a giant bull giraffe which he had already wounded. "But, poor brute! I can tell by the swaying neck, the trembling knees, and the slackly-hanging tail that his end is near. Through no fault of his, driven from that happy valley where he had wished to live in harmless quiet, it was hard thus to be chased to a cruel death merely to gratify my love of sport. Think you that if at that moment I could have given him his life back the last fatal shot would ever have been fired? . . . And only four minutes before I had been so eager for his death that I ran a risk of meeting mine in compassing it." No remarks of ours could be half as effective as the observations of this successful giraffe-hunter over his harmless victims.

Mr. Kirby's chief achievements, his most thrilling experiences, were undoubtedly with lions. After a large and varied experience, he votes for the lion as the sportsman's chief prize, ranking it in front even of elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. A night with lions in the bush is, by Mr. Kirby's account, an exciting experience. Sitting in a thorn bush on a stool lashed six feet from the ground, Mr. Kirby waited, armed with his Metford rifle. He was only thirty feet from the kill to which it was expected the lions would return. It was a dark night; but not until nearly midnight did two lions make their appearance. "Perched upon a camp-stool, six feet from the ground, and only about thirty feet away from where a pair of those uncanny monsters are ripping, tearing, grinding, and crunching." Darkness, solitude, and inaction intensify nervous excitement, and Mr. Kirby's sensations are not difficult to realize. The night was too dark to shoot with any accuracy; so Mr. Kirby waited. "They had been feeding for about an hour when some slight movement on my part attracted their attention; they looked up at me, and their glowing eyes caught the reflection from the starry sky, and showed up very plainly. Thus they watched for I dare say a quarter of an hour, neither of them moving or uttering a sound. Then one rose with a deep 'gloom,' advanced a pace or two, and again stood looking up, while with beating heart and levelled rifle I watched him closely; but he turned towards the kill again." The lion went away, and the lioness at last got up and stood in front of the bush, her eyes gleaming like living fire. Then she went silently round to the back of the bush. The hunter on his stool with his back to the brute dared not stir, watching for the next move. Finally he got a shot at her as she passed. And "a hoarse roar which at that short distance was positively freezing in its intensity of rage, and a prolonged scuffle, follow the shot, and then she dragged herself away."

But this was not Mr. Kirby's supreme experience of lions at night. On one occasion a troop of no fewer than ten lions and lionesses came to the kill close to which he was ambushed. By this time he had seen the wisdom of using a double-barrel rifle at night, and was armed with a Westley-Richards, throwing a 1½-oz. ball. Certainly the position was a little awkward; but Mr. Kirby's nerves had become hardened, and he declares that the first nervous surprise was quickly dissipated by a feeling of admiration and wondering awe. Here the deep-voiced kings and queens of the forest tread the grass, "great, active, powerful brutes, free and untrammelled, their splendid leader standing well to the front, with dark tangled mane—to which cling twigs of wait-a-bit thorn—sweeping the grass-tops. . . . There the large-limbed lionesses, wanting the serene look of their lord—a typical savage each one—glaring around with great watchful eyes, change-ful in colour as the many-hued opal, and licking their paws in anticipation of the coming feast." The large black-maned lion had from the first noticed something different in the appearance of the place, and was evi-

dently suspicious. The others began to eat. Here were nine lions, the furthest sixty yards away, the nearest a dozen yards. It was a great temptation to shoot as many as possible; but our hunter was not to be drawn into such an act; he selected the two black-maned lions, and waited till both were within range. At last his presence was discovered by one of the lions, which stole round his *scherm*. "His whole demeanour changed instantly. His eyes glared, his ears were depressed; he snarled threateningly. . . . He dropped into a crouching attitude in the grass facing me, within a few paces. The lionesses stood watching the *scherm*. The old black-maned lion advanced uttering deep, low growls. It was now or never. I got a quick sight, and the next instant fired. The old lion dropped in his tracks. Dimly through the smoke I saw the yellow lion in front of me spring to his feet, holding his head low, his basilisk eyes glaring into mine, and his tail jerking up stiff and straight. I believe he would have been into the *scherm* next instant, but I was quite cool, and gave him the left barrel instantly. Down he went, rolled over, and fell dead." Reloading promptly, after another shot at the black-maned lion, he turned to the rest of the troop. Then a lioness with a cub winded him, and the lioness promptly charged, only to be hit fair in the shoulder and turned by the heavy bullet. Afterwards he crept out of the *scherm*, and shot the wounded lion as he rose to his feet. Then he went back to his post and fell asleep, only to awake to find the big black-maned lion and two lionesses at work on the giraffe's carcase again. Unfortunately, he tried a blue light, and missed the big lion with both barrels. Thus ended the most eventful night—as we can well believe—ever experienced by Mr. Kirby, an adventure surpassing any recorded adventure with lions of Mr. Selous. Mr. Kirby is inferior to Mr. Selous as a naturalist, but superior as a writer.

His book is copiously illustrated by Mr. C. Whymper, whose spirited and realistic drawings successfully reinforce the graphic and striking letter-press.

#### A COMMENTARY ON TENNYSON.

"A Handbook to the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson." By Morton Luce. London: George Bell & Sons. 1895.

THE ambition of Mr. Morton Luce is plainly to do for Tennyson what Mrs. Sutherland Orr has done so admirably for Browning—to furnish a handbook which shall be as indispensable to readers of "In Memoriam" and of the "Idylls" as Mrs. Orr's handbook is to readers of "La Saisiaz" and the "Ring and the Book." The idea is an excellent one, and as "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" probably number a thousand readers for every hundred who grapple with "La Saisiaz" and the "Ring and the Book," Mr. Morton Luce, assuming the indispensableness of his Commentary, ought to be on the high road to fortune. But Mr. Luce labours under three great disadvantages. In the first place, he had, unlike Mrs. Orr, no assistance from the master himself; in the second place, he has the misfortune to be dealing with a poet who, unlike Browning, seldom needs an interpreter, so far at least as expression is concerned; and, in the third place, he is singularly—nay, deplorably—deficient in the chief requisites of a good commentator—tact, judgment, method. In preparing a work of this kind, the first question which the author should have settled for himself was its scope and purport, the class of readers to which it was intended to appeal, the sort of guidance which it was designed to give. It is plain that Mr. Luce has asked himself none of these questions, and the consequence is that this handbook cannot possibly satisfy any conceivable class of Tennyson's readers. Those readers may, perhaps, be roughly divided into three classes. Tennyson is a classic who has now taken his place with other great English classics as a subject of study in educational institutes, and a very large section of his readers are students. What they require are introductions to poems the point and meaning of which depend on preliminary knowledge not likely to be possessed by junior, or even general, readers, such as "Ænone,"



"The Lotos Eaters," "Tithonus," "Tiresias"—notes on unfamiliar or recondite allusions, on obsolete words, on classical idioms—and, above all, on those subtleties and *nuances* of turn and expression in which Tennyson abounds. In the case of a poet like Tennyson much of his power and charm consists not more on what is directly expressed than on what is suggested—now allegorically in symbol, now suggestively in innuendo and hint—and it is here that a commentator may be of immense service to students of the class to which we are referring. Next comes the general reader, who has no fear of examination before his eyes, but whose sole object is to enjoy the poet. Now, in nine cases out of ten, it is doing the general reader no injustice to say that the sort of guidance needed by "students" will neither be superfluous nor unwelcome to him. Certainly the more we understand a poet, even in *minutiae*, provided that these *minutiae* are not of the kind which delight pedants, the more we shall enjoy him. The general reader may glide over such passages as:—

"Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave,"

or

"The live North  
Red pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,"

or

"In letters like to those the vexillary  
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—"  
may glide over them and find his enjoyment of the poetry unimpaired by not understanding them, but no intelligent reader would be ungrateful for an explanation. He may be less anxious for guidance in what may be called the trivial technicalities of Tennysonian study; but he cannot fail to expect a commentator to assist him in understanding the broader aspects of that study, the poet's relation to theology, to metaphysics, to ethics, to politics. To most readers commentary on such poems as "The Ancient Sage," "The Higher Pantheism," the fragment, "Flower in the Crannied Wall," and "De Profundis" could not but be most acceptable and even necessary. Again, succinct historical introductions are absolutely indispensable to such poems as "Sir John Oldcastle," "Saint Simeon Stylites," and "Columbus." The third class of readers who would naturally turn to a handbook of this kind may be described as professed scholars, those who do not require the sort of information to which we have referred, but who are interested in the more curious and recondite aspects of Tennysonian study. What they would look for would be the history of the text of the poems; the variations, or at least the important variations, in the several editions of each; they would expect, too, a careful account of the sources of each poem, particularly of the larger poems, more particularly of the "Idylls" and of the poet's treatment of his materials—in a word, all such information as we expect from the specialist.

A really good handbook—such a handbook as there are now ample materials for compiling—ought to meet the needs of each of these three classes of readers. But, as Mr. Luce has evidently set to work without forming any clear conception, or, to speak more accurately, any conception at all, of what either the student or the general reader or the specialist requires, so far from satisfying all, he will most certainly satisfy none. He tells us in his preface that his main object has been "to stimulate the higher emotion and to cultivate the finer imagination of the student." Now Mr. Luce may rest assured that where the "higher emotion" exists in a reader of Tennyson, if it is not stimulated by the poetry it is not likely to be stimulated by a handbook to the poetry, and that the finer imagination may, in the company of the poet, be safely left to take care of itself. This odd notion of the functions of a handbook no doubt partly explains the chaotic character of Mr. Luce's volume, which appears to have been produced, in Carlyle's phrase, by the simple and familiar process of tilting the cart. Its method begins and ends with the prefix of Roman numerals to the chapters and of Arabic numerals to the several poems—the rest is fortune. How Mr. Luce will deal with a poem, whether he will analyse it, or give us his general impressions of it, whether his criticism will be philosophical, or æsthetic, or ethic, or political, whether he will enlarge on its bibliography

or its style, its sentiment or its teaching, its relation to natural science or its relation to social science, appears to depend, not as we should suppose on the poem itself, but on Mr. Luce's mood or commonplace book. Mr. Luce's statements are sometimes as extraordinary as his omissions. What are we to think of a commentator who can write thus of "In Memoriam"?—"The poems have no common element of form, they are absolutely irregular sections, there is no unity within their variety," adding that they are best described in the poet's own words as—

"Short swallow flights of song that dip  
Their wings in tears and skim away."

It is true that "In Memoriam" appears to have been composed in as fragmentary a way as the "Idylls of the King," but to say that there is no unity in it is totally to misunderstand and misrepresent the whole work. Nothing can be clearer than the cycles into which it falls, nothing can be more plainly indicated than the stages of its evolution, nothing can be more unmistakable than its scope and purport. Nor is Mr. Luce more successful in his commentary on the "Idylls of the King." In the first place he completely ignores the allegory, both generally in relation to the work as a whole and particularly in relation to the "Idylls" as separate poems, naively observing, however, that we "have Tennyson's most explicit avowal of allegory," but that "it is perhaps a pity that the poet turned commentator in this way." How, consequently, such poems as "Gareth and Lynette" and the "Holy Grail," where allegory is of the very essence of the work, fare in his hands, may be imagined. Of the sources of the "Idylls," of their ethical and spiritual significance, of the poet's method of moulding his material, of the symbolism of the scenery, and the like, he gives no account. Nor does he throw any light on obscure or difficult passages. In his commentary on the "Princess," where the subtlety of the touches and the elaborate delicacy of the art, as well as the wealth of historical and scientific allusion, make a commentator's guidance particularly helpful, he seldom seems to see the points; thus, though he gives us a "lesson from the lyrics," he omits to notice their exquisite propriety and bearing on the design and evolution of the work. It is the same with the commentaries on such poems as "The Palace of Art," "The Two Voices," "Ænone," "Enoch Arden," "Lucretius." Mr. Luce never seems to know where a commentator should be silent, where he should be terse, and where he may with propriety give himself the rein.

There is much in Mr. Luce's book which is admirable—such are his critical analysis of "Maud," his chapter on the characteristics of Tennyson, particularly the portion treating of Tennyson's religion, his commentary on the "Higher Pantheism" and on the poet's relation to the doctrine of *anamnesis*. From his critical judgments we find ourselves frequently dissenting; and though he is no doubt perfectly justified in deducing what he has deduced about Tennyson's religion, he certainly ought to have pointed out that the predominating note in Tennyson's best and most characteristic poetry is the Christian note. Mr. Luce's persistent reticence on this point, and on the ethical and spiritual teaching generally of Tennyson's poetry, very much impairs the value of his commentaries. Thus he misses entirely the point of the "Two Voices" and of "Lucretius," and in a measure of "Ænone." He would do well, too, to avoid such assertions as the following:—"Higher love scarcely ever existed in ancient times, say among the Greeks and Latins." Has Mr. Luce never read the *Odyssey* or the story of Abradatas and Pantheia in the "Cyropædia," or the account of Ischomachus and his young wife in the "Economics" of Xenophon, or the last elegy in Propertius, the Epistles of the Younger Pliny and Seneca, Martial's Epigrams, or the "Silvæ" of Statius? We must not base generalizations of this kind on the Greek and Roman erotic poetry.

We have directed special attention to Mr. Luce's book because a good practical handbook to Tennyson is certainly a desideratum. If Mr. Luce could only be prevailed on to recast his work, to reconsider some of his statements, to prune away irrelevances and superfluities, and to substitute tersely and pertinently the

sort of information which those who consult handbooks naturally expect to find, he would probably have no reason to regret his trouble. We cannot but add in conclusion that we are somewhat surprised that Mr. Luce should not have acknowledged his indebtedness, for it is plainly considerable, to Messrs. Macmillan's admirably edited editions of Tennyson's "Select Poems," of the "Idylls," of the "Princess," and of "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field," editions which ought to be in the hands of all serious readers of the poet, and which we are glad to have this opportunity of recommending to their notice.

#### RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

"Russian Politics." By Herbert M. Thompson, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"King Stork and King Log: a Study of Modern Russia." By Stepniak. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

WE may group these books together because they are decidedly upon the same lines: they are written by ardent supporters of the so-called Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom. Mr. Thompson has produced the more ambitious work; he goes a great deal into the ethnology and philology of the races of the Russian Empire, and describes at some length its political institutions. But in these respects his book is little more than a condensation of the labours of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, to whom, indeed, he frequently refers. As the work of the eminent French scholar extends to three thick octavos, many readers will, no doubt, be glad to have so convenient an abridgment. The latter chapters are devoted to an exposition of the theories of the Friends of Russian Freedom, who, we believe, have a special newspaper for the promulgation of their opinions. In this portion of his book our author follows mainly in the track of Messrs. Stepniak and Volkovsky. Thus Mr. Thompson's book is not an original one, but it is certainly very readable. Much of its contents has also been before the British public in the writings of Messrs. Kennan, Harold Frederic, and others. Each page has its citations. Here and there we wish the author had been a little more accurate in his spelling. Thus he should not call Nechaev "Nachae," nor Belinski "Bilinski." There is hardly anything in Russia which suits Mr. Thompson; he is for making almost a clean sweep of her institutions, whether religious or political. We need not, however, delay long over his book, in which he reminds us of the gentleman who cried out as his full profession of faith, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." We hurry to the more stimulating pages of Mr. Stepniak, who has inspired him.

This second book on our list goes even further than Mr. Thompson's, if it be possible. Its unfortunate author, as we all know from the newspapers, was recently killed while sauntering carelessly over a railway crossing. Such was the end of the vigorous writer who went under the *nom de guerre* of Stepniak—i.e. the man of the steppe—but whose real name was Krachkovski. In July 1878 Stepniak stabbed to death in broad daylight, at St. Petersburg, General Mezentzev, and managed to escape by means of a drozhki which was in readiness, somewhat in the same way as did the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. He ultimately got to the frontier undetected, and passed the rest of his days in exile. The writings of so vehement a partisan (to use a mild expression) were not likely to be gentle in tone; and, accordingly, Stepniak became a vigorous advocate of extreme Nihilistic theories. In this his last diatribe against the Russian Government his tone has not become milder, although he seems to think it half possible that some good may come out of Nicholas II. The object of his present hatred is Alexander III., and he even boldly declares (vol. i. p. 15) that no man, living or dead, has done Russia so much harm as this monarch. Surely this is making too much of the unimportant reign of this weak, if somewhat reactionary, man. He even reviles him with having been the "Tzar muzhik," a combination which one would have thought would have been rather a feather in Alexander's cap in the eyes of a Socialist.

A great many of the stories told about the tricks and corruption of officials in these volumes are trivial in themselves. Nor can we easily ascertain how much evidence there is to support them. "It is said," "it is commonly reported," and similar expressions constantly occur, but really these stories mean absolutely nothing unless they can be corroborated. The same remarks apply to the accounts of Siberian prisons; many of which, we must remember, have been denied by De Windt and others. If we do not allow ourselves to be blinded by our author's invariable attempt to minimize the crimes of his heroes and heroines, we can see that many of their doings were such as the laws of no civilized country could tolerate. We may say pretty much the same about the Socialistic opinions of the Stundists. We do not believe that they have been attacked by the Russians on religious grounds. Again, our author speaks of Dostoevski and his fellow-conspirators as having been sent to Siberia for the sole reason that they had read some books of a revolutionary character. He says nothing of the banquet at which these infatuated young men drank destruction to the Government.

No doubt Russian methods of rule could be improved in many ways. No man in England, be he Liberal or Conservative, will feel inclined to deny this; but it is difficult to see how moral progress is to be effected at a stroke, even though those members of the army, whom our late author boasts of having corrupted, are ready (ii. 122) to lay one of the palaces of St. Petersburg in ashes. There is no mistaking that the tone of a baffled Nihilist characterizes the whole book, though as a matter of fact Stepniak posed to his English admirers as a mere constitutionalist. Thus, surely, he speaks plainly enough when he tells with obvious regret of "that unsuccessful pistol-shot of April 4, 1866" (i. 73). Sophia Petrovskaja, one of the murderers of the unfortunate Alexander II., is clearly a heroine with our author, as when he says (ii. 79), "By the noble courage, simplicity, and boundless devotion to their country revealed in them, these letters [of Bernstein, Hausmann, and Zotoff] can be placed by the side of Sophia Petrovskaja's farewell to her mother." In the same spirit (ii. 143) we have a very sympathetic account of several attempts with dynamite. Observe how approvingly he narrates the following:—"In 1887 an attempt was made to blow up the Tzar with dynamite bombs on the anniversary of the death of Alexander II., when the Tzar goes invariably to a funeral mass at the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. *Though ably conceived* [the italics are ours], the bombs being made in the shape of books which the conspirators held under their armpits, the attempt failed. The missiles were so badly manufactured that they did not explode. *But very soon a marked improvement was made in that direction.* In Zürich a company of revolutionists brought the manufacture of bombs *almost to perfection*, reducing them to the size of a watch without any decrease in their deadly effect." Observe how critically the assassin of General Mezentzev discourses about these instruments of murder, and what a delicacy he shows in appreciating their construction. This is what he would have cheerfully prepared for young Nicholas II. We could cite many more examples of this fine taste in assassination if we had space. We should not have cited any but that some amiable persons in this country, who take a platonic interest in revolutions, have been going about denying that Stepniak and his English and foreign colleagues were dynamiters.

How very unpleasant we should find these doctrines in the mouth of a dynamiting Home Ruler!—say one of the Clan-na-gael, for instance—and we must remember that violent members of that party write about England pretty much as Stepniak and his followers do about Russia. We do not accept our author's account of the proposal of the Emperor Alexander II. to summon the national *Sobor*, or Parliament. This Stepniak, of course, attempts to minimize. We can only say that we have heard a very different version of the whole matter from a Russian ex-Professor, who, on account of liberal opinions, was compelled some years ago to resign his professorship, and could therefore have had no motive in magnifying the importance of the Emperor's concessions. This gentleman spoke of it as a real attempt of



Alexander to introduce constitutional government into Russia.

Most Englishmen will deplore the treatment of the Jews by Russia, but their conduct has not been invariably so immaculate as our author would insinuate. Occasionally he incautiously admits some of these facts, as (i. 183) when he speaks of the extensive smuggling which goes on along the Russian frontier, and about which, by the way, a great trial has recently taken place at Vilna. Stepniak says, "that there is much smuggling along this frontier is quite true. It is also true that the smuggling, like so many other trades, is chiefly in the hands of the Jews." *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It is painful to speak severely of a man who is recently dead, and of his book. But, on the other hand, justice requires that vigorous measures should be taken to stop this mischief of Nihilism. That Russia in constitutional development is behind the rest of the European peoples is undoubtedly true; a fact which may be partly explained by geographical position, and can partly be interpreted historically. Would it not be better to allow the country to develop itself gradually? Especially we may hope for much now that we have promises of a general system of education. From the analogies of all other countries (our own included), it seems to us that this course would be preferable to stimulating the passions of an ignorant peasantry; and that, too, in a country which has virtually no middle class to form the nucleus of its strength. Peace be to the ashes of Stepniak, we would even say; but let us be thankful that he did not succeed in closing his political career, which he had begun with assassination, by destroying a palace of the Tzar, no doubt with as many members of the Royal family as could be taken at "one fell swoop." This cataclysm, as he boasts, was in preparation.

How perfectly Byron has sketched for us the amiable man of the Stepniak type, so delightful in drawing-rooms and attractive to emotional ladies, when he gives us the immortal picture of Lambro!

"The mildest mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

#### THE TRIUMPHANT STYLE.

"Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion." By the Abbé F. de Lamennais. Translated by Lord Stanley of Alderley. London: John Macqueen. 1895.

MUCH may be done by style, especially by the emphatic and triumphant style. Fuller tells us of a certain Cambridge divine, Perkins by name, who attained to great celebrity because "he would pronounce the word *damn* with such an emphasis, as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after," and Maurice could recite the Ten Commandments so as to give a whole commentary upon each one. Similarly Lamennais made a great mark in his day and generation by his forceful and victorious way of saying things, which are well enough known, but too familiar to be well realized. In spite of the carelessness of the translator, this triumphant style shines forth sufficiently, even through the English dress of this book, and carries us along over the heads of the gainsayers in a transient state of religious intoxication, which it seems a pity to break by mere carnal criticism.

But first of all there is a bone to pick with the translator. His preface is almost inconceivably foolish and impertinent. He tells us that he betook him to the task at the suggestion of Ahmed Vefyk Pasha and dashed through it in so many days, as indeed one would imagine. Then he proceeds to take a passing kick at Dissenters, at M. Renan, that "uninteresting person of not much learning," at the late Liberal Ministry, and—in foot-notes—at various other persons and bodies. However kickworthy these might be, it is hardly within the compass of his duty to fall foul of them here. If the translation was quickly done, the correction of the proof-sheets was done still quicker. But as the book itself is over seventy years old and the translation over thirty, there seems no reason for this huge hurry. In his haste he translates the "beautiful definition of man by M. de Bonald" as "man is an intellect served by organs." This is worse than hasty, it is exquisitely funny. It suggests Saffron Hill and the Italian colony.

He also assures us that Plato derived his theory of the community of wives from the Nairs of Malabar.

Now as to the book itself. It is a counterblast to Rousseau, but Rousseau is no more. It is a pulpit philippic, as unguarded as such philippics usually are. Its strength is in its audacity of general statement and its rhetorical rush. The theme of indifference gives a splendid chance to the man of passion, and Lamennais's strength was in attack. The three species of the indifferent—the superior person, the Deist, and the Individualist Christian—are the coveys which the Abbé puts up, and he fires into the brown of them, not without considerable execution. Dr. Clifford and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes are among the smaller birds who fall easily to this antique gun. The blessed Reformation, nice distinctions between doctrines fundamental and detachable doctrines, theological anarchies, the emotional basis, all the half-way haltings between faith and reason, these are demolished with a rude and indignant hand, and with them much which Lamennais himself afterwards vainly strove to re-establish.

Not a few of Newman's "Anglican difficulties" are here anticipated and hotly insisted upon. Yet how curiously the historical statements read in the light of modern research! The preacher having spent a few months in England was very fond of generalizing about our past, and this is how he does it. He is speaking of the Reformation, and the rise of theological and political anarchy thereat:—"The nations, for the first time since fifteen centuries, claim what they call their rights—that is to say, power, the everlasting object of the unbridled desires of pride, and haughtily cite before their tribunal princes, become no longer anything but their delegates, and strive to found democracy upon the fragments of existing order. Thrones quake and some fall down. The genius of Wickliffe, a second time agitates England, destined by Providence to serve as an example to other nations; religion withdraws and abandons this people to the opinions which have seduced it; it is now sovereign over itself. Order immediately vanishes along with peace, and all the calamities together inundate this proscribed land. Constitution, law, justice, humanity, all disappear; only force, and the passions remain. The axe of the levellers carried from one end of the kingdom to the other smooths away all social eminences, and royalty itself perishes on the scaffold with the most unfortunate of the Stuarts." Apart from the mistranslation (*génie* for genius), this passage would be a good one to set before a fourth form boy to test his knowledge of historical outlines.

Yet how great is the power of rhetoric, if only it will not dash itself against Truth or the syllogism! "The Bible, free from all explanation, is, with great outlay, put into the hands of the people, the last judge of controversies which have worn out the sagacity and wearied the patience of its teachers; and in giving it a book which it does not read, or which it reads without understanding, they think that they have bestowed upon it a religion." But there is not enough of good rhetoric to carry this book to a profitable end. Even the Dissenting organs will be able to discover its flaws; and, since they care nothing for beauty of style or pointed epigram, they will lose the salutary lessons which the book contains.

#### FICTION.

"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten." By Annie E. Holdsworth. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

"THE Years that the Locust hath Eaten" possesses a peculiar wearisomeness that belongs to the present age of fiction, or at least that is how we should characterize its dullness at the first blush. The story is dull, not because it is trivial, or long-winded, or unintelligent. On the contrary, it is notably intelligent. But it is dull at heart, dull right through to the author's mind. The fault lies with the subject—a kind of subject, people would say, that has only been invented in the last few years. In that case the subject was born old. If no one had ever written before of a weak social-minded humbug of low origin and high ideals, and of the young wife's disillusionment when she realizes his incapacity and selfishness, Miss Holdsworth's situation would still

strike us as worn out, threadbare. Moreover, to add originality to her main theme, she brings in the everlasting painter, who is sympathetic and manly, and wears a brown coat, and does sketches of the heroine from memory after passing her on the stairs. And, as if that were not enough, he paints her disillusioned and ill, with her sickly baby in her arms, and has a success with it at the Academy. But the reader has not yet been given sufficient cause for sadness. This Malden paints a picture of angels carrying lilies, and this canvas is always appearing with a most barefaced symbolical grin wherever the moral might, perhaps, not be fatiguingly obvious enough. Why cannot people write of something else? Authors should have nothing to do with weak husbands who talk grandly of the great book which never comes out; they should have nothing to do with painters, or their pictures, or their feelings; and then they would not be led into temptation.

So far the first outburst of irritation. But this is an interesting kind of novel; and is it really the subject that is at fault? Can any situation be worn out and threadbare? If Turgenev were to appear again, and write a story on exactly the same subject, it would not be wearisome and worn out. The notion is incredible, and for the simple reason that with Turgenev we should not be aware of the subject. We should hear people speak and see people move. He would concern his readers with beautiful and touching actualities; and if we wanted to find the subject, we should have to read the book many times and put it through a sort of chemical sublimating process, and then, probably, we should have very little left, nothing that could at all represent the interest of the book. But Miss Holdsworth is nothing but subject. Her people say and do nothing that has not an inner meaning so obvious that it is not "inner" at all. There is not a single beautiful scene, a single sensitively observed actuality in the 306 pages, not one touch of humanity. Miss Holdsworth has begun with an idea for a story, and has never got a step further. She gives expression to her subject (if this can be called expression) in three ways: (1) She blurts it out in the abstract—e.g. "She had lost faith in love," or "the gravity of eternal things shadowed her with an austere and terrible sadness," "the secrets of life and death were a yawning abyss." All this, of course, means nothing; we read such passages with a cold stare, we don't even trouble to realize what they stand for. (2) She brings out the angels and lilies. (3) She sometimes struggles to an attempt at actualities, always a failure and quite transparent. And this leads back to one of the first impressions the opening of the story gave us before we quite knew what the book was like—namely, that the author had a heavy hand. And what does the heavy hand mean but that the idea, the intention, shows through the thin art? Her subject is, in a literal sense, threadbare. And her book is unoriginal and worn out because the naked idea for a story is of necessity old. It is an interesting type of story—the story which is conceived in the abstract and thought over in abstract terms, without any help from the happy inspiration of vivid and touching actualities. In its struggle for expression the idea has not led the author to what might be a partial salvation, the minute and accurate observation of endless facts—the more an artist is possessed by an idea, the larger must be his note-book. We said there was not a single actuality in all these pages. This is unfair; there is one—the description of the father's egotistical incapacity when his baby is in danger. This scene fulfils both the needed requirements at once. First, and most important, it is engrossing as it passes before your eyes, it is real and convincing. And secondly, it none the less takes its place in the scheme. Indeed this page or two reflect the tragedy that was in the author's mind better than all the rest of the book together.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Africa." II. By A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. London: Edward Stanford. 1895.

JUST now this volume about South Africa, in the new issue of Stanford's much-used series, will be welcomed—the maps especially. It is pleasant to note that photographs are coming into use as illustrations to texts of this sort; the

engravings in geography books were not enlightening. These six or seven hundred pages are depressing; the historical portions particularly are not calculated to make the reader feel kindly towards his fellow-men, whatever their colour and nationality.

"English Lands, Letters, and Kings." By Donald G. Mitchell. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1895.

For what sort of long-suffering babes and sucklings was this book written? We won't believe that American womanhood, of which the author speaks in his dedication, can want to follow Mr. Mitchell in his journey through English literature from Bentley to Wordsworth. Patronizingly, he proceeds on his moral way with uplifted forefinger and thirteen "I-s" to a page. Pope died, for instance, "leaving a few wonderful poems which, I am sure, will live in literature as long as books are printed." After quoting thirty-one lines from the "Intimations of Immortality," of all unknown poems in the world, he adds, "These verses belong to an ode that should never be forgotten when we reckon up the higher reaches of poetic tides of this generation." "I love Charles Lamb and his writings so much that I think everybody else ought to love them." After the drollest chastizing of Sterne for his "beastliness," he turns away from so paltry a subject as the author of "Tristram Shandy" with the words, "But I linger longer on this name than the man deserves." "Alas and alack," that Donald G. Mitchell should have spent so much time lingering over all these obscure authors, who really might have been left to moulder away quietly in oblivion.

"The Phantoms of the Dome." By Brownlow Fforde. London: A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1895.

"The Sign of the Snake." By Brownlow Fforde. London: A. H. Wheeler & Co. 1895.

Very queer and mysterious things, as we know, happen in India, and there seems no reason why the phantoms which haunt Mr. Fforde's dome should not have made our flesh creep as fearfully as the rest of their class, if they had been treated with respect. But a ghost naturally resents being made a *deus ex machina* in an insipid story. Mr. Fforde may have started with the supernatural, and meant to show it off with a natural story of everyday life, and then have forgotten his original purpose, and ungratefully treated the ghost in a perfunctory and unconvincing manner. Or he may have started with a penniless man engaged to a girl, and forced a recalcitrant ghost to lead his hero into subterranean regions, and show him the long-lost will of the inevitable uncle. Either way the result is ineffective, and the ghost has had his revenge. Here is a suggestion for a terrifying story which we generously submit to Mr. Fforde—a ghost's revenge on an offending author. "The Sign of the Snake" is better, because magic, or something like it, holds full sway from beginning to end. Only neither in this volume is the magic (the *raison d'être* of the story) sufficiently treated. We don't get enough of it, and have to watch its effect on persons who do not particularly interest us. And then there has to be such an avalanche of explanations at the end, brought down by the insufferably positive and clear-sighted detective. We want horrors, plenty of them, nothing else; we want them to come out of the background, and curdle our blood in full view; and we won't be put off with local colour and colloquial conversations. The books are printed in Amsterdam, and the Dutch language seems to have made a struggle to rise to the surface here and there, leaving little earthquakes in the type.

"Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage." London: Harrison & Sons. 1896.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage." London: Dean & Son. 1896.

"Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage." London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1896.

"Whittaker's Windsor Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage." London: Whittaker & Co. 1896.

There is a certain unction in the style of the original author that makes "Burke's Peerage" delicious reading. Under the stately heading of "Lineage" Sir Bernard waves a courteous, humble, yet omniscient hand as he introduces you to his company. The more practical "Debrett" has in the lapse of years lost his personality, if he had one. There is no reason to suppose that the latest issues of "Burke," "Debrett," "Dod" and the other are any less valuable than their predecessors, or less accurate, except that "Burke" has a bad misprint in his "Sir Edward Burne-Jones."

"How to Become a Journalist." By Ernest Phillips, M.J.I. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

Mr. Phillips deals with the various kinds of reporting required by provincial newspapers, and where he is quite practical, telling the beginner to go and do this or that, his advice is valuable. For instance, his own experience when he was first sent to do a cattle-show will certainly help any one who is placed in a similar position. Generalities are not useful, and, though they appear in his book, Mr. Phillips is more practical



than most authorities who profess to let the world into the secrets of their trade.

"Hazzell's Annual." Edited by W. Palmer, B.A. London: Hazell, Watson, & Viney. 1896.

"Hazzell" is amazing as usual. One grows tired of trying to imagine something that will not be mentioned in this "Cyclopædic Record of Men and Topics of the Day." There you may read a treatise on architecture, a history of the Niger Territory, or a biography of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

We have also received the second edition of "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," by the late Rev. Richard Morris, revised by L. Kellner, with the assistance of Henry Bradley (Macmillan); "A Dream of Fair Women" and "Locksley Hall" in Macmillan's "People's Edition"; Vol. XI. of "English Men of Letters," containing "Sidney," by J. A. Symonds, "De Quincey," by David Masson, and "Sheridan," by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan); 1 vol. second edition of F. Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino" (Macmillan); "Silas Marner," "The Lifted Veil," and "Brother Jacob" in William Blackwood's "Standard Edition"; fifth revised edition of Murray's "Algeria and Tunis," by Sir R. Lambert Playfair, K.C.M.G.; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," illustrated (Sampson Low); "The Tempest" in the Dallas-type Double Text Shakspeare, facsimile of the first folio facing the modern text of Charles Knight, with introduction by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, edited, with glossarial index, by Frederick A. Hyndman and D. C. Dallas (George Redway); "The Sonnets of William Shakspeare," with decorations by Ernest G. Treglown, engraved on wood by Charles Carr, and printed at the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft (Tylston & Edwards and A. P. Marsden); "A Lecture on the Study of History," delivered at Cambridge, June 11, 1895, by Lord Acton (Macmillan); "History of the English People," by John Richard Green, "Eversley Edition," Vol. I. (449-1216) (Macmillan); Handbook for Parish Meetings" and "Handbook for Parish Councils," with forms of Standing Orders for regulating procedure, by George Frederick Ememery, LL.M. (Sampson Low); "House-Owners, Householders, and Lodgers; their Rights and Liabilities," by Joscelyn Augustus de Morgan, new and enlarged edition, and "Income-Tax; and How to get it Refunded," by Alfred Chapman, Esq., 12th and revised edition (Effingham Wilson); "The Practical Statutes of the Session 1895" (58 & 59 Vict.), in "Paterson's Practical Statutes," edited by James Sutherland Cotton (Horace Cox); "Lowe's Handbook to the Charities of London," edited by H. R. Dumville, B.A., 59th year (Sampson Low); "Memories of the Life and Work of John Edward Blakeney, D.D.," by the Rev. W. Odom, with introduction by the Lord Bishop of Ripon ("Home Words"); 2nd edition of "The Poets' Bible," Old Testament Section, by W. Garrett Horder, and 3rd edition of the New Testament Section (Ward, Lock, & Bowden); "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," by Elbert Hubbard (Putnam); 2 vols. of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," "Buckthorne Edition," illustrated (Putnam); "A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors," and "Literary Shrines, the Haunts of Some Famous American Authors," by Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D., Ph.D. (Gibbings); "Cogitationes Concinales," two hundred and sixteen short sermon reflections on the Dominical Gospels of the Church Year, founded upon Selected Readings from the "Summa Theologica" of S. Thomas Aquinas, by John M. Ashley, B.C.L. (John Hodges); "The Builders of our Law during the Reign of Queen Victoria," by Edward Manson (Horace Cox); new edition of Mrs. H. Phillips's "The Birth of a Soul," and of "Signor Manaldini's Niece" (W. H. Allen); "The Letters of 'Vetus' on the Administration of the War Office," reprinted from the "Times," with a preface by General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. (Cassell); "Chess Sparks; or, Short and Bright Games of Chess," by J. H. Ellis, M.A. (Longmans); "A Sound Currency and Banking System," by Allen Repley Foote (Putnam); "Time and Tide: a Romance of the Moon," by Sir Robert Ball (S.P.C.K.); "Diocesan Histories," "Chester," by Rev. Rupert H. Morris (S.P.C.K.); "Crucifix," by Aimée Fabrége, translated by D. Havelock Fisher (Tower Publishing Co.); "The Fallacies and Follies of Socialist Radicalism Exposed," by H. Strickland Constable ("The Liberty Review"); "From Independence Hall Around the World," by F. Carroll Brewster, LL.D. (Cassell); "Summer Gathering for Winter's Need," by J. R. Miller, D.D. (Sunday School Union); "The Log of the 'Tantallon Castle,'" by Henry W. Lucy, illustrated (Sampson Low).

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## AFRICANA, LIMITED.

A FULL EXPLANATION OF THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, WITH HOPES AND ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE FUTURE—CONFIDENCE BETWEEN DIRECTORS AND SHAREHOLDERS.

Extracted from the "MINING WORLD AND ENGINEERING RECORD," Saturday, January 25th, 1896.

The first ordinary general (statutory) meeting of Africana, Limited, was held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, on Tuesday, January 21.

Mr. Lionel R. C. Boyle

(chairman of the company) presided.

Mr. ROBERT RANDALL-STEVENS (secretary) read the notice of meeting.

The CHAIRMAN, who was received with applause, said: Gentlemen, we have no accounts to present to you, and under ordinary circumstances I should content myself with the usual platitudes of saying that this is only a statutory meeting, but you will expect something more from me on this occasion. (Hear, hear.) I think we must all admit that even stretching the word to its greatest elasticity, the circumstances under which we meet to-day are far from ordinary. And although I think we may congratulate ourselves, and fairly congratulate ourselves, that in the last week or ten days

THINGS HAVE CHANGED SOMEWHAT FOR THE BETTER,

yet the storm signals are still hoisted in some quarters, and it must take time before the war clouds, which have been hanging over us rather thickly of late, are dispersed. In times like these the tongue of rumour wags, as a rule, more persistently than ever, and, therefore, I think it is incumbent on directors, when they meet their shareholders in times like these, to treat them with the greatest candour. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It is somewhat difficult, in view of the lamentable, disastrous and unprecedented state of affairs that has taken place in the Transvaal lately—a state of affairs which the wildest flights of imagination could not have anticipated, and which nobody could have foreseen, and as to the inauguration of which everybody denies complicity, and, therefore, I suppose we must be asked to believe arose of itself—laughter—which ignorance, no doubt, accounts for the persistent fall in South African shares. I say in circumstances like these it is somewhat difficult to discuss your assets as if the position were normal, but that is the task that has been set me to-day, and I shall endeavour to fulfil it to the best of my ability. (Cheers.) There is just one point on which I must crave your indulgence. Not only have we on our books a very large number of country shareholders, who have not the same means of gaining information that you have in London, but we have also an unusually large number of shareholders dotted about the large and small towns of the Continent, whom it is the express desire of my colleagues and myself to take into our confidence. (Cheers.) You will, therefore, bear with me if I touch upon subjects with which many of you are familiar, and give you facts and figures which can be found in any accredited South African text-book. My subject naturally

RESOLVES ITSELF INTO TWO PARTS

—first, what has been done in the past, and, secondly, what are our hopes and anticipations for the future. With regard to the past, your Company was registered on Sept. 23, 1895, for the purpose of taking over a very large block of assets from the New African Co., which I shall describe in detail later on. The authorised capital was £1,500,000, and the issued capital £1,075,000, of which 400,000 shares were issued fully paid up in part payment of the assets, or, perhaps, I should say will be issued, for all the assets have not been delivered at the moment; and the Company had a working capital of £250,000, and also £40,000 of reserve, which, although perhaps not applicable to the payment of dividends (for I believe that is a disputed point amongst the legal fraternity), is still applicable for the ordinary business of the company, and has been so employed.

THE WORKING CAPITAL.

Of your £250,000 working capital, the bulk of it is on deposit with the bank. I am sorry to say, gaining a very slight interest, but we thought it advisable during these critical times not to launch out to any great extent, but to wait for a better opportunity of employing your money. With regard to the future, I may say at once that the progress of this company is inseparably connected with the progress of South African mining, and kindred interests in the Transvaal Republic. We have no interest, no assets, in what is known under the generic term of Rhodesia or Charterland—not that we wish to throw the slightest reflection on that great country; but up to the present we think it too speculative for the investment of your capital, because we do not know that it has been proved beyond a doubt that any of the mines in Charterland are paying or permanent. I do not pledge the Board that we shall not take an interest in that country, which we all candidly hope will succeed. Nor have we any interest in the deep deep levels. I cannot say we have not any interest in the "deep levels," because I do not know what that term means. In the Van Ryn Company, in which we have a very large interest, its shaft is down 640 ft., and is not considered a deep level. In the French Western Nigel we expect to strike the reef between 200 and 300 ft., and that is a deep level. We have not, except in one case, an interest in any Company in which we do not expect to strike the reef at a depth of 500 ft. The easiest way to run through the assets we have and give a description of each, is to begin with the west-end of the Randit and run right through Goldman's Map to the east. The first Company in which we have an interest is

THE AURORA WEST UNITED.

That Company has a capital of £140,000, of which, up to now, only £100,000 has been issued. It has been working for some time, and I had at one time the opportunity of looking regularly through the reports from that mine week by week and month by month. I came to the conclusion at that time that the Aurora West was an extremely valuable little property—grossly mismanaged. It is now in other hands. The reef is narrow in some parts, but very rich. It runs 7 or 8 dwts., and by a little sorting that could be brought up to 10 dwts., or 12 dwts. It has a 40-stamp battery, a cyanide plant capable of treating 4,500 tons a month, and the work for some months has been limited to that of development, because one of the faults with the management in the past was that the stopes were not kept ahead of the mill, and so the mill had frequently to stop. All of you who know anything about mining are aware that this is a great disadvantage to a mine, and I think the Aurora West, which is the only mine in the control of which we have no part, as we have no one to represent us on the board or local committee, will, I think, give a fair remuneration for the money invested in it. Passing on now through the town of Johannesburg, we have a small interest in a company called

THE NEW ERA,

with a capital of only £80,000. It was formed for purchasing small plots of land in different parts of the Randit, and I believe some of those purchases have been exceedingly well made. They have small plots round the Langlaagte and the Simmer and Jack. With regard to the land round Simmer and Jack, it has lately been amalgamated with that of other owners. I believe all the documents have been signed, only there is a dispute as to who is to find the money, but it is of this sort that they are all anxious to do it. The new combination will have a capital of £750,000, a working capital of £200,000; for, being a deepish level—and this is the only interest we have of the kind—the capital has to be large. We next have a considerable share in a property called the

WESTERN KLEINFONTEIN.

which is marked now on the map as the Spartan Block. The mine was exceptionally well pegged out, so that there are 5,000 ft. of reef. There are two sets of claims, 36 each, or 72 in all. Dr. Hatch, who is very well known in the Transvaal, made a report that there were 190 distinct reefs running through the property. One or

two crops just outside the boundary, and the other outcrops inside the boundary. From the outside, or northern one, he estimated we should have 1,400,000 tons of ore, and from the lower one 800,000 tons, in all 2,200,000 tons. In order to get an idea of the value of this property, I may tell you that it is the same reef that runs through the Modderfontein, the Chimes, the Van Ryn, and the Kleinfontein. The Van Ryn I shall describe later. The other properties run between 25 and 30 dwts., over a 3 ft. reef. Kleinfontein 101 dwts., and Chimes from 17 to 19 dwts., over a 3-ft. reef. I believe I am right in saying that

YOU MAY TAKE IT AS AN AXIOM

that any property worked on a sufficiently large scale, and running anything over 10 dwts., should pay at least £1 per ton profit if all modern appliances are used. When I have told you that you have 2,200,000 tons in this Western Kleinfontein property, I think you can make the calculation as to what that mine is worth. Passing in a north-westerly direction,

WE COME TO THE THREE VAN RYNS,

consisting of Van Ryn Estates, Van Ryn West, and Van Ryn North, or, as my friend Mr. Stuart Hogg, the esteemed secretary, rather pitifully put it, "a parent company with a very healthy child, and a very promising infant." (Laughter.) The Van Ryn itself has been working for a considerable number of years, and has just paid a dividend of 50 per cent. The property I believe to be extremely valuable. The assays of last month, taken over a 30-ft. stope, run, 1 oz. 7 dwts., 8 dwts., 10 dwts., 14 dwts., 11 dwts., 2 ozs. 7 dwts., and 1 oz. 2 dwts. A great difficulty the Van Ryn has to contend with has been its very inefficient and badly constructed mill. They are now putting up a mill of 80 stamps, with all modern appliances, capable of crushing 41 to 44 tons per head per day. The old mill was badly placed, and was continually breaking down, thereby augmenting expenses and reducing profits. I do not know what effect the recent troubles may have in stopping work, but this new mill should have been in working order about February or March next, and it is confidently believed by the Directors of that mine, who have studied it for a great number of years, and Dr. Magin has also laid it down as his firm opinion, that that mine should turn out a profit of £8,000 a month when that mill is erected and at work. There are in the Van Ryn 6,000,000 tons of ore, and there are probably very few men in this room who will live to see it worked out.

VAN RYN WEST.

The Van Ryn West, an offshoot of Van Ryn Estates, has a capital of £270,000, of which the Van Ryn Proper owns 70,000 shares. The Van Ryn West will also have a mill of 80 stamps, which will be put up and finished very much about the same time as Van Ryn Estates, but I may tell you that Van Ryn West is not developed to the same extent, and may take a little longer before it earns the profits which we hope will be equal to Van Ryn Estates. The latter is down 640 ft., and Van Ryn West only 220 ft. The Van Ryn West has 3,500,000 tons of ore—I do not say in sight, but that is the estimate if there are no "faults" in the mine. Taking that also as £1 per ton profit, you can easily estimate the value of Van Ryn West.

VAN RYN NORTH.

With Van Ryn North we have had difficulty about the licenses. There are people out in every mining camp who try to make themselves disagreeable by "jumping" claims, and we have had difficulty from that. I believe the matter is now settled, and we have 3,500 claims—an enormous property. We have also lately bought a portion of the Besters part of the farm, for which we paid £5,000, and I believe it to be very cheap. Lately we have discovered coal on that property, and although we were anxious to give you an opinion as to its value, I cannot do so to-day, but should it prove to be valuable, you can see what a great boon it will be for these three Companies if they can get their coal, and within their own ground, for their stamping mills. Coming down to

THE HEIDELBERG DISTRICT,

we have an interest in two properties closely touching the Nigel Mine. One is known as the French Western Nigel, which has a capital of £300,000. We expect to erect 50 stamps. Provision has been made for striking the reef at 500 ft., but within the last week we hear it is confidently believed that the Nigel Reef strikes in a more westerly direction, and the outcrop, instead of being some distance from the property we own, will be closer, and we may strike the reef at 150 or 200 ft. instead. (Cheers.) When I tell you it costs £20 a foot to sink, you can imagine that this will make a difference in the initial cost. This property is supposed to have 194 claims. This is the only fault I have found in Mr. Goldman's excellent book, but it was not through any fault of his when, after we had purchased the property, 13 claims were without a clear title, and therefore we had to reduce the purchase price and knock off the 13 claims, the number now appearing as 179. My figures, therefore, do not differ from those on the books. The estimate of the amount of ore in each claim in that property is 5,000 tons—179 claims, and 5,000 tons in each. We expect to sink 2 ft. a day. At the present time we have some large boring drills on the property for the purpose of finding out exactly where the reef is, so as not to make any mistake when we begin to sink the shafts. Passing across that Nigel property, we come to the Transvaal Nigel Co., which has a capital of £350,000, and 200 claims. The 200 claims, I believe, are estimated to produce, supposing the reef runs as rich as the Nigel, and the Nigel has paid £3 4s. per ton in dividend—I would not like to say what it is worth. If I had it, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would read the report of my death with more satisfaction than regret. (Laughter.) In the vicinity of the Nigel properties we have also

AN EIGHTH INTEREST IN 12 LARGE FARMS—

that is to say, we have the option to purchase these farms—a system frequently adopted in that country. You pay a small yearly sum for the purpose of holding the option, and you have time to develop it. If you choose you may convert the option into a purchase. Well, we have 12 farms on that system. The yearly expenses are small, and in very few cases does the value of the farm itself exceed the price of £9,000. We tried to get some of these options renewed some time ago, and I was laughed to scorn, because people can now get far better option prices than they could when we were fortunate enough to get hold of these. On one of these farms, Boshfontein—we did not choose the name (laughter)—we have done some prospecting work, and struck gold. It is not very rich, but we hope that as we sink deeper it is only down 10 ft. we shall come across the Nigel or some other reef, which is confidently believed to run through that property and some other farms. I cannot tell you what the value of these farms is, but experts put a considerable value on them. We have also a very

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST IN A COAL MINE,

called the Douglas Colliery, about 45 miles from Pretoria. This property has only lately been formed into a company, with a capital of £500,000, of which we own nearly one-half. The working capital is £125,000, and there is a reserve of £45,000. The working capital is small, for the reason that the property can be worked by adits, and requires no expensive pumping or hauling machinery. The mine is perfectly dry and the reef is exceedingly hard, so that it does not require to be timbered, and the strata being perfectly flat, it can be worked by manual labour right to the mouth of the mine. I am afraid I am confusing you with my millions, but the estimated



## AFRICANA, LIMITED.—continued.

number of tons in that mine is from 7 to 10 millions, and these are only in the upper strata. The upper strata is divided from the lower by a thick sandstone belt, and the lower strata of coal has been sunk on for 19 ft. and they have not touched bottom yet. The lower part is almost equal to the upper in increasing the life of the mine. As to the value of that coal, the Netherlands Railway Co., which runs within 3½ miles of the property, takes from us 2,500 tons a month. We have had orders to supply 2,000 tons a month for the Delagoa Bay shipping, but, unfortunately, we have not been able to complete the contract, because the Portuguese part of that line is blocked. They have not sufficient locomotives, and there are 300 trucks blocking the traffic, so that we could not enter into a contract to supply the shipping, for the reason that we did not know whether we should have rolling stock to take the coal to the port. The only competitor that we had in that district, I am happy to say, has turned out to be a comparative failure. This coal was tried in one of the German steamers, and condemned as utterly useless. Our coal has been tried, and the steamers will take (if we can supply them) 2,000 tons a month. The colliery has also entered into arrangements with the Robinson and Chimes Mines to supply them with a very good smithy coal. In addition to the value of the coal itself, we have in the bottoms of each of the layers of coal some extremely good coking coal, and I think after a time machinery will be ordered for the purpose of providing a coking plant to supply the mines of Johannesburg with all the coke they can acquire at a cheaper price than it can be imported from England. A contract has been given to build the 3½ miles to the Netherlands Railway, and should be completed in March next. We have also an interest in the

## RAND CENTRAL ORE REDUCTION CO.

one of the kindred interests to gold mining from which large profits are to be made. Last year the company made a profit of £40,000 by treating about 357,000 tons of tailings, and they have still 1,000,000 tons of tailings belonging to them. They have put up in the Robinson Mine, at a very large cost, a plant for the purpose of treating slimes, and it is confidently hoped that they will be able to treat them at a profit. When I tell you that the Robinson Mine has half a million tons of slimes—and the Robinson is not the only big mine of the district—you may imagine the enormous advantage it will be if the slimes can be treated profitably. The returns from these slimes we should have had already had it not been that the Robinson would not let the Rand Central Ore Reduction Co. begin work because of the scarcity of water. It wanted the available water for other purposes. I believed we should have had returns even now, but, unfortunately, Mr. Butters is one of the gentlemen who is at present

## LANGSHEIMING IN THE LOCK-UP AT PRETORIA.

When he comes out I hope an attempt will be made to see what can be done with the Robinson slimes, and should the plant be successful, we anticipate large orders. Already it is in contemplation to put up a large plant for the mines about Van Ryn. They have also investigated a system of reducing, by refining, the gold from the cyanide, so that instead of sending the gold over here with the cyanide attached to it, the gold and silver will be refined on the spot, by which means the company will be able to get better advances from their bankers; and they do not pay the freight and insurance on the cyanide, which has to come back to the Rand, but only on the fine gold. This company owns also one-half of the Halske Siemens process for treating tailings, which can by this process be treated at a cost of 2s. 4d. per ton when the ore is not over refractory. I think I have now exhausted the properties in which you are interested, and I may say, as a farmer once said about his large family, "There's not a scabby one amongst 'em." So I say, that in your assets there's not a scabby one amongst them. They are all very valuable, and in most of them we have a large interest. Now, just a few facts and figures for the benefit of our foreign shareholders. The Witwatersand Gold Mines have produced since 1887, when the first crushings took place, 8,800,000 oz., valued at £30,800,000 sterling. The annual average production for the last two years may be taken roughly at over 2,000,000 oz., valued at nearly £8,000,000 sterling, but this is nothing to what will take place if we are allowed to work in peace and under normal conditions in the near future. Already we may expect an increase of the stamping power by 2,265 stamps, and this is not including the 100 stamps a-piece which it is believed the Crown-Langlaagte, Jumpers, Robinson, Nourse, and Rose Deeps will shortly erect, which will add 600 more. I must also remind you that all these stamps are of the heavier pattern, capable of crushing 4½ tons a day; in fact, all anticipations lead to the belief that in five or six years' time 7,000 to 8,000 stamps should be crushing 1,000,000 tons a month, producing 400,000 to 500,000 oz., or 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 per annum, to have a value between 17½ and 20 millions sterling per annum. (Cheers.) I thought I would like to repeat those figures for the purpose of trying to get back some of the confidence which has probably been rudely shaken by the events of the last few weeks.

## THE DIRECTORS.

In addition to the colleagues I have around me at the present time, we have also as a director Dr. Magin, who is second to none as a mining expert, as you all well know, in the Transvaal, and we are about to elect Mr. Pyramé Naville, a Director of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Paris, and Mr. William Pfumajer, of the New African Company, in Paris, as Directors. This is only a statutory meeting, but my colleagues think it right (following the policy I foreshadowed of treating you with the utmost confidence) to tell you that in the last month negotiations have taken place and are still taking place for the purpose of

## AMALGAMATING THIS COMPANY WITH ANOTHER

old-established company very well known in South Africa. I cannot go further than to say that I believe the amalgamation will be mutually advantageous; but the negotiations are in that state that do not permit me to give you even the name of the company or any further details. I may state that we have put off the statutory meeting of this company to the utmost limit allowed by the law (we are only within two days of the date when we must hold it), and this delay was for the purpose of giving you further information on the subject of this amalgamation. I am not going to run away—which, I believe, is a reproach made against a gentleman who made a very enthusiastic speech about a week ago—but I am perfectly willing to answer any questions, only I want to call attention to the fact that we ourselves are dealers in shares, and I hope that no one—I put it to the good sense of the meeting—will ask me questions that will in any way jeopardise our position or play into the hands of our competitors.

Mr. Boyle, who had spoken with great eloquence and fluency, here resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Rising after a pause, he said: As no shareholder wishes to ask a question, I declare the meeting closed.

## THANKS.

Sir FREDERICK YOUNG: I hope gentlemen will remain while I relieve myself of a duty it is incumbent on some one to perform, and that is to propose a most hearty vote of thanks to the chairman—(cheers)—for the very excellent and frank account he has given of the position of the Company to this date. (Renewed cheers.) It seems to me that he has treated us with the greatest possible candour, and given us a most able and succinct account of the various most valuable properties in which this company is interested. I beg without preface to propose a vote of thanks to the Directors, but to the chairman specially and personally, for the very able address he has just given. (Cheers.)

Major COTTON: I shall be glad to second that motion as an old friend of Sir Frederick Young, and of our worthy chairman, whom I have known for a good many years.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN: Sir Frederick Young and Major Cotton, the directors are extremely obliged to you for this hearty vote of thanks, and for the patient way in which you have listened to me.

The meeting then closed.

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